Saturday Review

ECEMBER 24, 1955 / 20¢

Reginald Marsh before his easel (see William Benton's "Reg Marsh—American Daumier," page 8)

TOM PAINE TALKS BACK TO PROVIDENCE
By Henry Steele Commager

THE SUMMING-UP IN BOOKS FOR 1955
SR's Annual Survey

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Give them a Faith to live by

Worship with them this week

Naturally you want them to have all the good things in life . . . a happy home . . . a good education . . . plenty of chances to meet other nice young people. But be sure to give them the most precious gift of all . . . Faith.

The wonderful part is that faith is yours to give . . . no matter who you are, what you do for a living, how much money you have in the bank.

Faith is the gift you give a little at a time. Every week you worship with the children at your church or synagogue. The youngsters see you . . . the biggest, smartest, most important people in their world . . . asking God for help, thanking Him for blessings. Then it's clear to them . . . here they can *always* find the strength they need, *always* find the happiness they want.

Then you've done the best a parent—any parent—can do.

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 24, 1955

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SR/IDEAS

5 Tom Paine Talks Back to Providence, by Henry Steele Commager
8 Reg Marsh—American Daumier, by William Benton
20 Amy Loveman: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

10 The Summing-up in Books for 1955, by Maurice Dolbier
12 The Year's Best: Critics' Choice of Outstanding Books
14 The Toughie Submerged, by Sergeant Cuff
15 Bullish Days for Fictioneers, by John Haverstick
17 Mainsprings of the German Revival, by Henry C. Wallich
The Colossus Again, by Alfred Grosser
Reviewed by Henry L. Bretton
18 Between Liberation and Liberty, by Karl Gruber
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe
19 Memoirs of Dr. Eduard Beneš
Reviewed by Fritz Stern
23 The Greek Myths by Robert Graves
Reviewed by Basil Davenport
24 Selected Criticism, by Louise Bogan
Reviewed by Jean Starr Untermeyer
24 Three Loves of Dostoevsky, by Marc Slonim
Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons
25 Thackeray, by Gordon N. Ray
Reviewed by William Irvine

SR/DEPARTMENTS

3 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf
16 Literary I.Q.
26 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
27 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert
28 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
29 The Criminal Record
30 Literary Crypt
35 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1135

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TRADE Winds

THE PHOENIX NEST

RICHARD ARMOUR, upon hearing Robert L. Cheney, art director of Harper's, tell a Trade Book Clinic of the AIGA, "I like a novel that bulks a little," dashed home to his desk at Scripps College and wrote the following:

Of Bulk and the Bookseller

A book of poems, tart or tender,
The truth distilled, had best be slender.

A how-to book for busy doers
Should not intimidate its viewers.

The same of any kitchen book.
Too many broths may spoil the cook.

A volume of a pundit's pondering
Too large may mean his mind is wandering.

A moral tome on inner attitudes
Should not contain quite *all* the platitudes.

But novels one should never whittle.
They ought, in fact, to bulk a little

And have the reassuring sort of girth
That promises one's money's worth.

WRITES JOAN BOHRER, of the Stanford University Press:

I thought you might be interested in the following poem, celebrating several archaic, obsolete, or provincial Scottish and English words. It was written after I had been diverted from a routine task by the fascinating "sn's" of Webster's Unabridged.

A snicket went a-sniggling,
A snibbler for to snare;
She spied him at a smytrie,
In a snelly Scottish lair.

He sneest, she snool—"You sneg me, sir,
A bitter snick and snee—
I snum you are my only love.
I sigh and snurp for thee."

Webster's also provides the translation of this plaintive story, in most cases in second, third, or fourth meaning. However, I was unable to find enough other "sn's" to resolve the poor snicket's (something small and insignificant; flapper or minx—Webster) plight. Would your readers help find a happy ending?

FROM DON LINDSAY, of McCann-Erickson's Cleveland (natch) office:

Cleveland Calypso

(Mon, go down Trinidad way,
pick you a tune to fit)

Traffic signal for pedestrian
They differ'n from them is for equestrian
Or driver of car and bus and truck—
They read like whisper from Lady Luck.

They don' use color—red, green an' yella—
That fumadiddle some impatient fella;
Pedestrian light tell you with a word . . .
But they don't shout, "Hey, there, ain' you heard?"

They's a banjo light what tells you, WAIT.
And if you do, you don' meet you Fate.
The other one tells you go and WALK—
So don't hang back for foolish talk.

Could be another, worth half the mint,
A light what read you: ,
BROTHER, SPRINT!

IN PIEDMONT, California, B. Joe Kinnick rises to inquire:

It's a question of semantics;
I shall make my queries blunt:
Why bother to say "Paper-back"
When all the buyer sees is "Front"?
Beside a female spy parading
In strings of beads before her lover,
Why does the jacket blurb proclaim
"A novel of the undercover"?

HERMAN HICKMAN, rotund football coach and commentator, has a sentimental streak almost as wide as he is. Here's a poem, authorship unknown, that he's ready to recite at the drop of a referee's whistle:

A Little Boy Prays for His Dog

Dear God,
They say my dog is dead;
He had the softest little head;

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He was so good, he'd always do
Most anything I told him to.

Kind God,
Sometimes he'd chase a cat,
(He wasn't often bad like that),
And if I called him back, he came
The minute that I said his name.

Please God,
If he feels scared up there,
Won't You please let him sleep somewhere
Near You? Oh, please take care of him,
I love him so! His name is Tim.

POSTER PICASSO MICHAEL GROSS herewith sums up a few of his pet "Literary Loathings."

This fact remains about a sequel
To puzzle folks who read the first one:
They find all things being somewhat equal
The second always is the worst one.

The folks who know me all agree
That cool and placid runs my blood,
But I go haywire when I see
A gorgeous jacket on a dud.

My day is all messed up
For life I cease caring,
When I find smut dressed up
And labeled as "daring."

I can't help but be vexed
When "art" starts to barge in
With six inches for text
And eight for the margin.

I plead for the end of
The mental defective
Who's always the friend of
The brilliant detective.

Oh, let us be done with
That scribe; have him banished,
Who ends chapter one with,
"THE BODY HAD VANISHED!"

VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER, of Kansas City, submits:

After the Class Dinner
(With Speeches)

The horror of reunion
is not of weight come fast
or temples now exposed where
the hair has failed to last,
but rather that this college
we entered at eighteen
should find us none the wiser
for all the years between.

AND THAT STRIKES me as just the proper, if rueful, note to strike before mailing in this column and journeying northward to address students at the Columbia School of Journalism, whence I graduated (good heavens!) thirty-five years ago! —BENNETT CERF.

"a dazzling demonstration of the interpreter's art"

Vladimir Horowitz, writes Irving Kolodin in the *Saturday Review*, has re-established "the proper rank of Muzio Clementi in the hierarchy of great writers for the keyboard...In freshness, spontaneity, and total effect, these (performances) are vintage-Horowitz."

Clementi composed these sonatas before 1790. Yet, says Harold Schonberg in *The New York Times*, "Horowitz plays them not as museum pieces, but as exciting pieces of piano writing. He seems inspired by his discoveries . . . The result makes for one of the most interesting piano disks of the year." Hear this "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity recording today at your RCA Victor Dealer's. 12-inch Long Play record (LM-1902), only $3.98.

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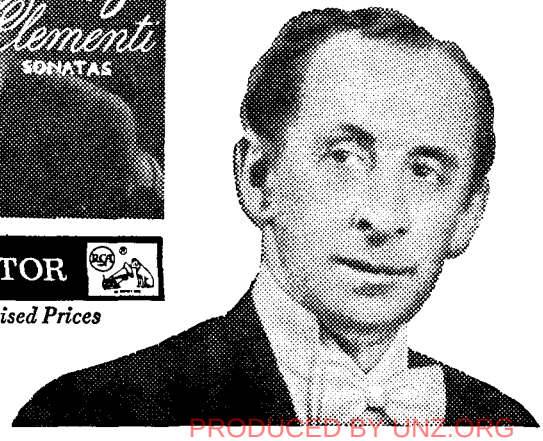

Bookmarks

SOME weeks since this department observed that, while the familial adjectives *fatherly, motherly, sisterly, brotherly* are of everyday occurrence, where are *sonly, nephewly, auntly, unclely?*

Jotham Johnson of the classics department of New York University dashed immediately to the rescue trailing volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary under each arm. For *sonly,* he reports, there is *filial;* for *uncley, avuncular;* for *nephewly* (and *niecely*), *nepotal* or *nepotic,* and for *cousinly, consobrinal. Auntly,* Mr. Johnson adds, "has not been reported in English. It would be *amitine.* I coin it herewith, and present it to you to do with as you like." Mr. Johnson appends this personal experience concerned with the hazards of word-play:

> I once tried to make a verb out of *uncle.* It was in a letter to the editor of a journal I was associate editor of, and the letter had to do with the philosophy of book-reviewing. What I dictated was "As you know, I have fathered a good many book reviews, and *uncled* a great many more." He would know what I meant.
>
> But it was not to be. My secretary, caught in the web of her symbols, sought comfort in the dictionary, which told her only that *uncle* had not been reported as a verb. After some pencil-sucking it came out with an overtone quite beyond my intention: ". . . fathered a good many book reviews, and *unclad* a great many more."

Curtain, and high time.

* * *

A lot of people seem to think that although you can't take it with you you can have it sent.

* * *

Who ever heard of an unattractive divorcee?

* * *

What was the diameter of the original log the man (or woman) rolled off, what was the nature of the surface rolled onto, what was the roller wearing, and what was the alternative that the whole business seemed as easy as, and was it?

* * *

A public library is a deep freeze that thaws with the touch of a hand on the front door.

* * *

Most minds are a little the better for wear. —J. T. W.

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The Saturday Review
DECEMBER 24, 1955

TOM PAINE TALKS BACK TO PROVIDENCE

Thomas Paine (1737-1809), corset-maker, exciseman, schoolteacher, farmer, tobacconist, sailor, grocer, and author, lived on the worst possible terms with every authority he ever confronted, from the aristocratic ministers of George III to the bloody Mountain of Robespierre. Born poor, and spending his first forty years in obscurity, Paine burst with an irresistible vision of human brotherhood. He despised all constitutions, churches, conventions, or codes—old or new—which tended to control or inhibit this natural force. Impractical citizen he was, but Americans remember that his polemics—especially "Common Sense"—were enormously influential in encouraging a courageous climate in the 1770s and in creating for the United States a great, new polity rather than the tame replica of a European kingdom. It is this rank, and role, as one of our Founders that has drawn from Henry Steele Commager, famous historian and Columbia professor of American history, the following dialogue.

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

INTRODUCTORY: *The Mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, has declined, on behalf of his city, a statue of Thomas Paine on the ground that Paine is still "a controversial figure." In the interview below the imaginary chairman of the board reviewing Mr. Paine's credentials asks some stereotyped questions. The replies are quoted from or based on Paine's own words.*

CHAIRMAN: This is an inquiry to determine whether we should authorize a statue to you in the city of Providence, Mr. Paine. It is not a trial, it does not therefore require judicial process. It is merely an effort to discover whether there is anything in your historical file to raise doubts—reasonable doubts—about your complete and exclusive loyalty to the Government of the United States. It is an attempt to find out whether it is clearly consistent with the best interests of Providence and of Rhode Island to erect a statue to you. I think I should make clear at the very outset, Mr. Paine, that no one has a *right* to a statue in Providence. A statue is not a right but a privilege.

PAINE: 'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country, but I try always to remember that Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it.

CHAIRMAN: Now Mr. Paine, your file seems to be an unusually large one; in fact it is bulging with charges of one kind or another. That in itself is pretty suspicious, wouldn't you say?

PAINE: Sir, he who dares not offend cannot be honest.

CHAIRMAN: Yes, yes; but let us get at once to the substance of the charges. Here is the first one that goes to the very heart of the matter. It would appear that you are not an American at all, but English—or perhaps French. It appears that you were born in England and lived there until you were almost forty years old, when you left under a cloud. It is charged that you were dismissed from your job in the customs office as a troublemaker, that you were a bankrupt, and that your wife left you. A bad record, Mr. Paine. Just why did you come over to this country in 1774?

PAINE: The New World hath been the asylum for the persecuted lover of liberty from every part of Europe. And I knew, too, that America was the only spot in the political world where the principle of universal reformation could begin.

CHAIRMAN: Let us get back to this question of your citizenship, Mr. Paine. It appears that you stayed in America only a few years—just long enough to stir up a Revolution—and that you then went back to England

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where, once again, you stirred up trouble, and that you then fled to France. And it says here that you became a citizen of France—not only a citizen, but actually a member of the Convention that wrote the new Constitution! How do you happen to have so many countries, Mr. Paine?

PAINE: Where liberty is not, there is my country.

CHAIRMAN: Quite. But when you were thrown into jail in France—you seem to have quite an impressive jail record, Mr. Paine—our Minister, Gouverneur Morris, refused to bestir himself in your behalf on the ground that you were either an English citizen, as the French claimed, or a French citizen.

PAINE: True enough, Sir; I shared with Washington, Hamilton, and others honorary citizenship in France. But our Minister, James Monroe, wrote that "I consider you as an American citizen, and you are considered universally in that character by the people of America."

CHAIRMAN: But it appears, Mr. Paine, that not content with citizenship in three countries you tried to become a citizen of the world, whatever that means. There is evidence here that you were heard proposing a toast to "The Republic of the World." And that you wrote on something called "The Republic of Man." Would you say, Mr. Paine, that you were a One-Worlder?

PAINE: Quite right, sir. My country is the world, and my religion is to do good.

CHAIRMAN: By your own admission, then, you are an internationalist and a One-Worlder. Of course that is your privilege, Mr. Paine, but you will understand that one who willingly serves a foreign nation and who regards himself as a citizen of the world can not claim true loyalty to the United States. Under the terms of our McCarren Act you would be subject to deportation on the ground that you associated with revolutionary organizations after you became an American citizen and that you took an oath of loyalty with mental reservations about other countries, and that you were actually in the service of other countries. But why talk of deportation? With a record like yours we would never let you in at all. You seem to have quite a criminal record, Mr. Paine. You were dismissed from your post in England; you were indicted for criminal libel in the British courts, and it was held that "your writings tended to excite tumult and disorder"—a good description, I gather. Then you were jailed in France as well. How do you explain this propensity for getting in trouble and landing in jail, Mr. Paine?

PAINE: 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.

CHAIRMAN: Don't you think it rather odd, Mr. Paine, that any one who purports to be loyal to America should spend most of his life abroad? It would appear that you spent less than twenty years of your whole life in this country, and that even during the period when we needed you most you were busy in England and France.

PAINE: You touch me on a very tender spot. . . . My heart and myself are 3,000 miles apart; and I had rather see my horse Button in his own stable or eating the grass of Bordentown than see all the pomp and show of Europe. A thousand years hence—you must indulge me in a few thoughts—America may be what England now is. The innocence of her character that won the hearts of all nations in her favor may sound like a romance, and her inimitable virtue as if it had never been. The ruins of that liberty which thousands bled for, or suffered to obtain, may just furnish materials for a village tale or extort a sigh from rustic sensibility, while the fashionable of that day deride the principle and deny the fact. When we contemplate the fall of empires and the extinction of nations of the ancient world we see but little to excite our regret in the moldering ruins of pompous palaces, magnificent monuments, lofty pyramids, and walls and towers of the most costly workmanship. But when the empire of America shall fall, the subject for contemplative sorrow will be infinitely greater than crumbling brass or marble can invite. It will not then be said, here stood a temple of vast antiquity, but here, ah painful thought! the noblest work of human wisdom, the grandest scene of human glory, the fair cause of freedom rose and fell. Hear this, and then ask if I forget America. . . .

CHAIRMAN: All very pretty, Mr. Paine, but a bit irrelevant. Perhaps we can get back to some of the material in your file. Let's forget about your chequered career abroad; there's plenty in the domestic file to give us concern. It is alleged, for example, that you are a radical, a revolutionary, an enemy of government, in short a congenital subversive. Would you say that you were hostile to organized government?

PAINE: Society is produced by our wants, and governments by our wickedness. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence.

CHAIRMAN: You do seem to have quite a record for overthrowing government. You helped start a revolution

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Christmas Day in the Morning

By James T. Shotwell

TO THE end of time mankind will hold
And treasure the tale that never grows old
Of a life begun in a manger cold
On Christmas day in the morning.

The wise and simple, shepherd and king
Their dearest possessions did gladly bring,
Jewels or lambs, as offering
On Christmas day in the morning.

All stood still and no one spoke
As a king on the manger laid his cloak.
Then the Christ child smiled, and morning broke
On Christmas day in the morning.

From over the bleak Judean hill
The sunlight came, man's life to fill,
And the rays of its glory are shining still
On Christmas day in the morning.

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in the American colonies; you went over to England to get a revolution underway there; you flung yourself into the revolution in France. Three revolutions, in three countries; would you say, Mr. Paine, that you have an affinity for revolutions?

PAINE: As I have embarked on the Revolution, I do not like to leave it till it is finished. And, to see it in our power to make a world happy—to teach mankind the art of being so—to exhibit on the theatre of the universe a character hitherto unknown—and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that can neither be too highly estimated nor too gratefully received.

CHAIRMAN: You are, in short, a professional agitator. I am not surprised when I consider your associations. We have evidence here that you have a peculiar affinity for association with subversives of one kind or another. It is charged that you maintained close sympathetic association with such radicals as Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Adams in this country, with men like William Godwin and Joseph Priestley in England and—horrors—with revolutionaries like Danton, Mirabeau, and Condorcet in France. Would you say, Mr. Paine, that birds of a feather flock together, and that a man is known by the company he keeps?

PAINE: When facts are sufficient, arguments are useless.

CHAIRMAN: That is a flippant answer, Mr. Paine, but this is a serious inquiry. I would like your consideration of this charge: that you have been persistently critical of the American system of private enterprise. We have information here that you championed the "welfare state," both here and abroad, and that you proposed to weaken the moral fiber of the American people by providing, out of taxpayers' money, substantial payments to the old, the crippled and infirm, and to every young man and woman who reaches the age of twenty-one. Would you say, Mr. Paine, that you were a precocious, premature New Dealer?

PAINE: It is a position not to be controverted that the earth, in its natural uncultivated state, was, and ever would have continued to be, the common property of the human race. In that state every man would have been born to property. Cultivation . . . has dispossessed more than half the inhabitants of every nation of their natural inheritance, without providing for them, as ought to have been done, an indemnification for that loss, and has thereby created a species of poverty and wretchedness that did not exist before. It is not therefore a charity but a right that I am pleading for.

"Of course I remember you—last year's office Christmas party, wasn't it?"

CHAIRMAN: That seems to me Communist doctrine, Mr. Paine. And I am not surprised, for I find here evidence that no sooner had you come over to our country than you attacked the property and institutions of one half of our people, accusing them of murder, lewdness, and barbarity because they held property in slaves.

PAINE: Christians are taught to account all men their neighbors; and love their neighbor as themselves; and do to all men as they would be done by; to do good to all men; and man-stealing is ranked with enormous crimes. Is the barbarous enslaving of our inoffensive neighbors, and treating them like wild beasts, reconcilable with all these divine precepts?

CHAIRMAN: I am glad you brought up this matter of divine precepts, Mr. Paine, for it brings us to one of the weightiest charges in your file. We have evidence that you wrote a blasphemous and indecent book called "The Age of Reason," attacking Christianity and the Church. We do not customarily give the source of these charges, but it may interest you that no other than President Theodore Roosevelt described you as "a filthy little atheist." I pass by the question of your size and your sanitary condition and ask you if it is not a fact that you called Christianity itself a "fable" and the New Testament "a wild and visionary doctrine."

PAINE: Religion is a private affair between every man and his Maker and no third party has a right to interfere between them. I will, however, attempt to answer your charge. I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy. The motive and object in all my publications on religious subjects has been to bring man to a right reason that God has given him; to impress on him the great principles of divine morality, justice, mercy, and a benevolent disposition to all men and to all creatures.

CHAIRMAN: Here, as in so many other things, your methods appear to have

(*Continued on page* 32)

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REG MARSH—*American Daumier*

By WILLIAM BENTON,
former Senator from Connecticut.

I LIKE Reginald Marsh's paintings for the same reasons that I liked Marsh. I like their lustiness, vitality, their love of life, their verve and zest. And his people—his bums and girls—are wholly his. They are Marshans.

Reg once brought John Steuart Curry to my home in Connecticut. Curry said to me wistfully, "I wish I could draw like Reg; we've never had anyone in America like him." Another artist insists that Marsh was the greatest draftsman since Rubens. No compliment could possibly have pleased Reg more. Rubens was Marsh's favorite. Reg's girls, his Marshans, are Rubens girls calling taxicabs and riding subways. It was that marvelous draftsmanship which shortly before his death last year caused our National Institute of Arts and Letters to give Reg its first gold medal in the graphic arts.

The infant Reginald had been born upstairs above the Cafe du Dome in Paris in March of 1898, at the very heart of the world of art. Reg and I became friends as undergraduates at Yale, just after World War I. He was art editor of the *Record* when I was a "heeler," a year behind him. In 1923, when I was banging around Madison Avenue, at $25 a week, trying to learn to write advertisements, Reg was doing a daily column of drawings for the upstart *Daily News*. He hadn't yet decided to be an artist but he didn't know how else to earn a living; and indeed there was no other way for Reg. Vaudeville was in its heyday. Reg drew sketches for six or seven of the acts on each program, vertically, one under the other, in a full column. Then he'd give each act a rating, "50 per cent"—"10 per cent"—"95 per cent." The column was called "A Cartoonicle Critique." One day he would cover the Palace; the next day the Keith Orpheum up on Columbus Circle; the following day the big vaudeville house in Brooklyn.

Reg was New York's first and only daily pictorial theatrical critic. More impressive to me, he had two seats every night to vaudeville and was often at the Yale Club looking around for somebody to go along. Occasionally I was that someone. But he saw things I didn't see. He loved New York. To many he has become *the* artist of New York—of the scene of New York—of the people of New York—of 14th Street and Harlem, Broadway and the Bowery, of Coney Island and Minsky's—of Third Avenue and the docks—of earthy and inelegant and wonderful New York.

Reg married, and I began to work nights as well as days. So for a decade we saw each other but little, though I'd see his pictures in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. Shortly after my wife and I bought our present home in Connecticut she and I agreed that we needed some paintings. Mrs. Benton says that when she selected the painting called "Marines with Girls in Central Park," which we have today hanging in our living room, Reg's art dealer put his hand on his heart and said, "Oh, Mrs. Benton, I so agree with you; I have always thought of it as 'Midsummer Night's Dream'." From that day to this I've had difficulty getting Mrs. Benton to an art dealer. Those marines and girls look about as much like "Midsummer Night's Dream" as a trip over Niagara Falls in a barrel resembles a rowboat ride in the Central Park lagoon.

Reg came to see me at my office. (This was in 1935, my last year with Benton and Bowles, the advertising agency I had founded.) I took him across Madison Avenue to the New Weston for a cocktail. He said, "Bill, I'm very thrilled. I have sold paintings to the Whitney Museum, the Metropolitan Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, the Detroit Museum. But you are the first private collector ever to buy one of my paintings."

THIS was fifteen years after he left Yale. Why didn't his pictures sell to private collectors, I asked. He said, "Maybe my pictures have too much shock in them for a lot of people—especially for women—to hang on the walls at home. Not really shocking, just a kind of not-too-pleasant reminder of what they have shut out when they go home. Lots of people want landscapes, seascapes, if they want any pictures at all. They don't want to be reminded in their living rooms and bedrooms of the people they see—or don't see—walking on the streets of New York. Makes them feel uncomfortable.

"But wait awhile; wait a generation or two; wait until my people look old-fashioned. When they look like people you never knew, almost like people who never lived, they won't remind you of the people you bump into on a subway or Fifth Avenue. They'll just be strange, quaint people of somebody else's world. Then my pictures will sell. Then people will be glad to hang them on their walls. They'll boast about 'em then."

Daumier had a similar experience. The London *Times* began its review of

—*Estate of Reginald Marsh.*

"Battery Belles" (1938)—"Rubens girls calling taxicab and riding subways."

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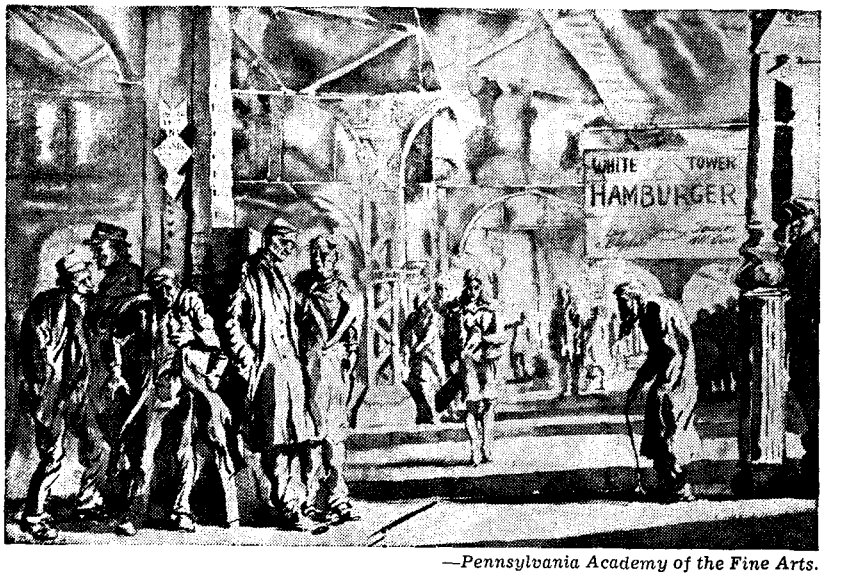

—*Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.*

"White Tower Hamburger" (1945)—"lustiness . . . love of life."

—*Whitney Museum of American Art.*

"End of 14th Street Crosstown Line" (1936)—"[Marsh's] bums and girls are wholly his."

—*Collection of Mrs. Reginald Marsh.*

"No Turns Permitted" (1954)—"verve."

the great recent book "Honoré Daumier," with the comment, "Nobody would now question Daumier's claim to be recognized as one of the great draftsmen of the French school." Marsh had his eye on the future, the long future. He painted New York of the mid-twentieth century. But he painted it for posterity.

One of Reg's paintings I bought largely for the title. This is a picture of a couple going through the Tunnel of Love at Coney Island. The man looks pop-eyed and scared by the plaster dragons and ogres. An old guard in a gray uniform dozes. The girl, a satiated blonde, looks as bored as the guard. She looks as if she's been through the love tunnel once too often. The title of the picture when I bought it was "The Sorrow and Futility of Man Before the Beauty of Woman." I hung that picture in my office when I became Assistant Secretary of State. After a few months Reg came to me and wanted to borrow the picture to send to the Carnegie Exhibit in Pittsburgh. He changed the title, and called it "Eldorado." I told Reg that he couldn't change the title—that I had bought the original title. He insisted. We never got this one settled. But I have affixed the title I bought to the picture as it hangs in my office in New York.

Reg's pupils adored him. If only through his pupils, he is destined to have a great impact on the development of American art. His girls adored him, too, the models he has made famous, the girls of New York. Marsh has captured in his paintings his New York—as Daumier captured his Paris and as Hogarth immortalized his London.

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THE SUMMING-UP IN BOOKS FOR 1955

This last fortnight of the year, when men traditionally total up their accounts for the preceding twelvemonth, SR *joins in the spirit of the season with a retrospective look at the world of books. That it has been a good year commercially is made clear by the report on publishing and bookselling printed on page 14. The situation in fiction is good, as John Haverstick learned by interviewing leading editors (see page 15). But what of quality? Once again Maurice Dolbier sums up the year for us in an article that begins on this page, and Sergeant Cuff appraises the year in crime on page 14. Fifty-one leading critics give their selections of The Year's Best in the principal literary fields on page 12.* —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

By MAURICE DOLBIER, *literary editor of the* Providence *(R. I.)* Journal.

SOMEWHERE in the wilds of Exurbia a publisher may be dreaming tonight of a lovely French girl gliding into his office and placing the manuscript of a novel on his desk. Its leading character is an American beauty whose ambition to become an actress leads her to a desert oasis near Hollywood, where she falls in love with a mountain climber, a radio comedian, and a man in a gray flannel suit. She is given a movie role and goes on location in Africa, where the entire company is wiped out in a Mau-Mau raid under circumstances of horror indescribable (until now). Only one element is lacking, and since the author is reasonable (this is when the publisher realizes he's dreaming), she agrees to insert a 300-page flashback dealing with the Civil War.

That could be the Best Best-Seller of 1956, but no one can predict on what fictional bloom the public fancy will alight. On the basis of 1955 experience one safe guess can be made:

—*Jacques Rouchon.*

Françoise Sagan—"graceful . . . shocking."

The reviewers' reactions will be so sharply divided as to baffle everyone concerned with the book except the millions who'll buy it.

There's nothing new about critics disagreeing over the merits of fiction, but it does seem that the past year was notable for the frequency with which disagreements occurred, the vehemence with which they were expressed, and the extremities that the divisions reached. "Bonjour Tristesse" was graceful, perceptive, witty, shocking, tame, and trivial. "Marjorie Morningstar" was rich, vibrant, dull, healthy, anti-intellectual, and better and worse than "The Caine Mutiny." "The Great Man" was taut, trite, true, and trash. "The Deer Park" had had to run a publishers' gauntlet before the reviewers got in their licks (disappointingly inept and the best novel ever written about Hollywood, Sex, or both). And B'wana Ruark's "Something of Value," which led the Book-of-the-Month Club to the unusual course of issuing the dissenting opinion of one of the judges, brought from the reviewers a violence of vocabulary unmatched save by that employed in the book itself. (Kenya took it more calmly.)

An author whose past works have drawn contradictory opinions, John O'Hara, had a novel in 1955 to which the critical response was nearly unanimous. In "Ten North Frederick," returning to the Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, setting of "Appointment in Samarra," he dug sharply beneath the surfaces of American social conduct. Opening with the funeral of Joe Chapin, and flashing back to scene after scene of the rich, respected, and "successful" Chapin's lifetime failures in love, in marriage, in parenthood, and in politics, the novel's pessimism and mordant irony were somehow transfigured by knowledge and pity.

The ways (especially the sunken ones) of American politics were explored in less eminent but skilful novels: Gerald Sykes's "The Children of Light" and Martin Mayer's "The Experts." (Politicians in English fiction didn't have an easy time of it, either. Maurice Edelman's hero in "A Dream of Treason" found the dream come chillingly true; Joyce Cary's demagogic Chester Nimmo in "Nor Honour More" was shot to death by an irate husband.)

PRIVATE enterprise provided more fictional leads than public affairs. John P. Marquand, who may be looked upon as Chairman of the Board, described at some length the rise of Willis Wayde. The telling was suave but soporific. Not as polished but far livelier were first novelist Harvey Swados's "Out Went the Candle," Howard Swiggett's suspenseful story of intrigue on an international level, "The Strongbox," Cameron Hawley's "Cash McCall," and Sloan Wilson's runaway best-seller, which brought comfort to the makers, as well as the wearers, of gray flannel suits. A. C. Spectorsky's "The Exurbanites" was not listed as fiction, though most exurbanites seem willing to swear that it is. Al Morgan's savage study of a television star, "The Great Man," was about private enterprise, too, but the less said about the enterprises the better.

Other professional activities dealt with in American fiction included nuclear physics (Dexter Masters's detailed and sobering first novel about the long dying of a scientist exposed to radiation, "The Accident") . . . the Law (Don Mankiewicz's prize-winning "Trial") . . . baseball (Eliot Asinof's "Man on Spikes") . . . bank robbery (W. L. Heath's "Violent Saturday") . . . the life of longshoremen (Budd Schulberg's "Waterfront") . . . medicine (Evan Brandon's first novel,

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—Cecil Beaton.

Mary McCarthy—"rich in portraiture."

"Green Pond") . . . and art forgery (William Gibson's "The Recognitions." This monumental first novel dealt with a couple of million other matters, as well, and was greeted by some as an American "Ulysses" and by others as an unreadable mishmash).

AMERICAN fiction displayed tonic strengths. Gibson's giant, Mary McCarthy's "A Charmed Life," and Alan Harrington's "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto" were rich in satirical portraiture. Depth of understanding and skill of interpretation were marked not only when Americans wrote of their countrymen—Jo Harris in "The Changelings," May Sarton in "Faithful Are the Wounds," Wouk, O'Hara, Wilson—but when they wrote of other peoples—Paul Bowles's novel of North African nationalism, "The Spider's House," Evan King's pageant of Chinese peasant life, "Children of the Black-Haired People," and Mario Puza's nightmarish tale of occupied Germany, "The Dark Arena." And short-story eminence was maintained in such collections as Shirley Ann Grau's "The Black Prince," Elizabeth Enright's "The Moment Before the Rain," Eudora Welty's "The Bride of the Innisfallen," Jessamyn West's "Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team," and Flannery O'Connor's "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Good men may have been hard to find, but they were present: Patrick Dennis, Lonnie Coleman, Steve Allen, and Samuel Hopkins Adams, strongly reinforced by William Faulkner, who brought his hunting stories together in an anthology called "Big Woods."

In novels about World War II, however, our authors were outwritten. There were a couple of interesting first novels—Francis Irby Gwaltney's "The Day the Century Ended" and Joe Klaas's "Maybe I'm Dead"—and a fairly routine Forester, "The Good Shepherd." From England came Evelyn Waugh's "Officers and Gentlemen" and John Wyllie's "The Goodly Seed"; from Canada, Lionel Shapiro's invasion romance, "The Sixth of June"; from Germany the forebodingly-titled "We Shall March Again." A Polish writer-in-exile, Czelaw Milosz, described his homeland under Nazi and Communist occupation in a poetic and kaleidoscopic novel, "The Seizure of Power," which is likely to be remembered when the others are not. In non-fiction, too, the most important war books came from abroad: Denis Johnston's odd variations on the war correspondent theme, "Nine Rivers from Jordan," and two personal accounts, disturbing for different reasons: Dr. Michihiko Hachiya's "Hiroshima Diary" and Ernst von Salomon's witty and arrogant non-apologia, "Fragebogen."

The English novel in 1955 might be described as resting comfortably, pulse regular, temperature, as usual, slightly below normal. Sense and sensitivity ruled in R. C. Hutchinson's "The Stepmother," Penelope Mortimer's "A Villa in Summer," Nancy Hallinan's "Rough Winds of May," Gilbert Phelps's "A Man in His Prime," Howard Spring's "These Lovers Fled Away," and Frank Swinnerton's "The Sumner Intrigue." V. Compton-Burnett furnished another Arctic comedy, "Mother and Son." Rumer Godden viewed Cockney children with wistful, but clear, vision in "An Episode of Sparrows." J. B. Priestley had his fun in a musical farce, "Low Notes on a High Level," and a short-story collection, "The Other Place," but didn't neglect the mission, seemingly inherited from H. G. Wells, of knocking some plain common sense into the world's silly old noggin. More exceptional, in theme and treatment, were J. R. R. Tolkien's continuation of his fantastic trilogy, "The Lord of the Rings," in "The Two Towers": Norman Lewis's tragicomedy of a fishing village in Franco Spain, "The Day of the Fox"; William Golding's coolly horrifying story of schoolboys cast away on a desert island, "The Lord of the Flies"; and Nigel Dennis's knockabout comedy of metamorphoses, "Cards of Identity." There were praiseworthy contributions from the Commonwealth: from Canada, Gabrielle Roy's "The Cashier," Andre Langevin's "Dust Over the City," and Charles Bruce's "The Channel Shore"; from Australia, Patrick White's "The Tree of Man" and D'Arcy Niland's "The Shiralee"; from Northern Ireland, Forrest Reid's three novels about the magical boyhood of "Tom Barber," brought to a wider audience under the auspices of E. M. Forster. But bold and bright experiment flourished in only one novel, and that an unfinished one, Dylan Thomas's "Adventures in the Skin Trade." (The year's one really great novel was also picaresque, also bright with wit, also unfinished: Thomas Mann's "Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man.")

SURPRISINGLY, books from or about France outnumbered those about Africa, Asia, or the American Civil War. These were generally excellent books, too, whether they were subtly concerned with the mingled bitternesses of love and death, as in Françoise Sagan's "Bonjour Tristesse," Simone de Beauvoir's "All Men Are Mortal," and Celia Bertin's "The Last Innocence"; gayly satiric, like Pierre Daninos's "The Notebooks of Major Thompson" or Jacques Perret's "The Honour of Gaston Le Torch"; or treating of men and motives in the war and postwar years of tragic division, as in Storm Jameson's "The Hidden River," Jean Dutourd's "The Best Butter," Brig. Gen. Edward Spears's "The Fall of France," and General Charles DeGaulle's "The Call to Honour." A Swiss economist and historian, Herbert Leuthy, even

—Joseph Janney Steinmetz.

MacKinlay Kantor—"long and memorable."

—Phyllis Cerf.

John O'Hara—". . . transfigured by pity."

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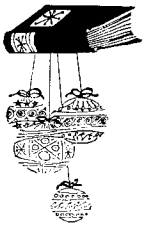
succeeded in presenting a clear and orderly analysis of the French political scene in "France Against Herself," though the French didn't appear particularly grateful for this service or responsive to his suggestions.

Medieval France was depicted in strong colors and vibrant narrative in two new pieces of historical fiction —Zoe Oldenbourg's "The Cornerstone" and the American Jay Williams's "The Siege"—and in H. F. M. Prescott's deservedly-reprinted "The Unhurrying Chase." Ancient Greece was the setting of George Stewart's widescreen chronology of growth and ruin, "The Years of the City," and Robert Graves's "Homer's Daughter," while the days of the Conquistadors served excellently for George Millar's "A Crossbowman's Story" and Alexander Baron's "The Golden Princess." Two long and memorable books were based on actual figures and events of the American Civil War: Robert Penn Warren's problem-posing account of the life and hard times of Amantha Starr, "Band of Angels," and MacKinlay Kantor's huge recapitulation of the sufferings endured at "Andersonville."

The many novels about Africa were of history-in-the-making, with fear and violence as ingredients. None exploited these elements as profitably as "Something of Value," but others showed a high order of literary merit, among them such first novels as Denys Jones's "Look Not Upon Me," Harry Bloom's "Episode in the Transvaal," Dan Jacobson's "The Trap," and David Unwin's "The Governor's Wife." Peter Abrahams's "Mine Boy" was a movingly artistic work; Laurens van der Post's "Flamingo Feather" furnished adventurous ideas as well as action; and P. H. Newby's "The Picnic at Sakkara" stood alone as a brilliantly satiric comedy. In non-fiction the journalistic genius of John Gunther provided a thoroughgoing picture of what was happening "Inside Africa," while Van der Post's "The Dark Eye in Africa" ventured to the interior of the souls of white and black in an endeavor to learn why.

Communist China was the scene of a remarkably fine novel, Eileen Chang's "The Rice-Sprout Song," two fascinating travel narratives by English journalists, James Cameron's "Mandarin Red" and George S. Gale's "No Flies in China," and a provocative and sensible political commentary, Sir Michael Lindsay's "Communist China and the Cold War." Perhaps the center of interest is shifting, for these were hardly balanced by Harrison Salisbury's "American in Russia,"

(*Continued on page 30*)



The Year's Best

ONCE again *SR* has asked a number of men and women who follow developments in literature to name the books they consider the year's best in fiction, poetry, and the general fields. The fifty-one men and women who responded to this invitation are listed at the bottom of this and the next page. The books they nominated are listed alphabetically below. The purpose of the poll is to call attention to outstanding works rather than to find one or two "bests" in the various fields. However, for those who insist on finding significance in numbers here are a few statistics: In the fiction field MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville" was named fourteen times, while Thomas Mann's "Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man" was second with four nominations. In poetry "The Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Thomas H. Johnson, received six nominations, "The Collected Poems of Robert Graves" four, and "A Letter from Li Po and Other Poems," by Conrad Aiken, four. In the general field Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "Gift from the Sea" was named five times and John Gunther's "Inside Africa" four times.

GENERAL

The Achievement of Samuel Johnson. *By Walter J. Bate (Oxford University Press) Emmart.*
The Age of Reform. *By Richard Hofstadter. (Alfred A. Knopf) Hicks, Lubell.*
Apes, Angels, and Victorians. *By William Irvine. (McGraw-Hill) Bates.*
The Day Lincoln Was Shot. *By Jim Bishop (Harper) Bond.*
The Dead Sea Scrolls. *By Edmund Wilson. (Oxford University Press) Herzberg, John K. Sherman.*
The Development of Academic Freedom. *By Richard Hofstadter and Walter P. Metzger. (Columbia University Press) Woodward.*
Dylan Thomas in America. *By John Malcolm Brinnin. (Little, Brown) Barkham, Hass.*
The Edge of the Sea. *By Rachel Carson. (Houghton Mifflin) Hogan, Rothermel.*
The Exurbanites. *By A. C. Spectorsky. (J. B. Lippincott) Molyneaux.*
From Van Eyck to Botticelli: The Fifteenth Century. *By Jacques Lassaigne and Giulo C. Argan (Skira) McManis.*

The twenty-eight newspaper reviewers who participated in this year-end poll are:

Frederic Babcock, *Chicago Tribune*
John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate
Van Allen Bradley, *Chicago Daily News*
Ernest Cady, *Columbus Dispatch*
Leslie Cross, *Milwaukee Journal*
Maurice Dolbier, *Providence Journal*
A. D. Emmart, *The Baltimore Sun*
Paul Flowers, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune*
Victor P. Hass, *Omaha World Herald*
Max J. Herzberg, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
William Hogan, *The San Francisco Chronicle*
Olive Deane Hormel, *The Christian Science Monitor*
Herman Kogan, *Chicago Sun-Times*
Durwood McAlister, *Atlanta Journal*
John McManis, *Detroit News*
Robert Molyneaux, *Pittsburgh Press*
Ralph Morrissey, *Nashville Tennessean*
Sterling North, North Weekly Book Review Service
Frank O'Neill, *Cleveland News*
J. F. Rothermel, *Birmingham News*
John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*
Thomas B. Sherman, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
Paul Jordan Smith, *Los Angeles Times*
Robert I. Snajdr, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
Lon Tinkle, *Dallas News*
John Cook Wyllie, *Richmond News Leader*
Frederick Yeiser, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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Gift from the Sea. *By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. (Pantheon) Babcock, Flowers, Hormel, Kogan, Tinkle.*
Inside Africa. *By John Gunther. (Harper) Cross, Douglas, North, Snajdr.*
Iona: A Quest. *By Freya Stark. (Harcourt) Yeiser.*
James Thurber's Dogs. *By James Thurber. (Simon & Schuster) Wyllie.*
Jefferson Davis: American Patriot. *By Hudson Strode. (Harcourt, Brace) Bradley, Morrissey.*
Laurette. *By Marguerite Courtney. (Rinehart) Cady, Gannett.*
Monckton Milnes. *By John Pope-Hennessy. 2 vols. (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) Barzun, Dolbier.*
The New Dimensions of Peace. *By Chester Bowles. (Harper) Perkins.*
A Night to Remember. *By Walter Lord. (Henry Holt) McAlister.*
The Restoration of Learning. *By Arthur Bestor. (Alfred A. Knopf) Chalmers, Smith.*
The Solitary Singer. *By Gay Wilson Allen. (Macmillan) O'Neill.*
The Tree of Culture. *By Ralph Linton. (Alfred A. Knopf) Shapiro.*
Wild America. *By Roger Peterson and James Fisher. (Houghton Mifflin) Carson.*
The World We Live In. *By Lincoln Barnett and the Editors of* LIFE *magazine. (Simon & Schuster) Laurence.*

POETRY

Birthdays from the Ocean. *By Isabella Gardner. (Houghton Mifflin) Bradley, Kogan, Rodman.*
Collected Poems 1955. *By Robert Graves. (Doubleday) Cross, Dolbier, Gregory, Wilbur.*
Exiles and Marriages. *By Donald Hall. (Viking) Rothermel.*
A Letter from Li Po and Other Poems. *By Conrad Aiken. (Oxford University Press) Bond, Herzberg. Molyneaux, Smith.*
Poems: North and South. *By Elizabeth Bishop. (Houghton Mifflin) Untermeyer.*
Poems. *By Robert Conquest. (St. Martin's Press) Wyllie.*
The Poems of Emily Dickinson. *Edited by Thomas H. Johnson. 3 vols. (Harvard University Press) Barkham, Gannett, Hogan, O'Neill, Scott, Snajdr.*
The Season of Flesh. *By B. H. Reece. (E. P. Dutton) McAlister.*
Selected Poems. *By Randall Jarrell. (Alfred A. Knopf) Glicksburg, Tinkle.*
Selected Poems. *By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. (Macmillan) Cady, Flowers, John K. Sherman.*
The Shield of Achilles. *By W. H. Auden. (Random House) Yeiser.*
Voice in the Circle. *By Jeanne D'Orge. (Noel Young) Williams.*

FICTION

Andersonville. *By MacKinlay Kantor. (World Publishing Co.) Babcock, Bond, Cady, Catton, Cross, Gannett, Havighurst, Highet, McAlister, McManis, O'Neill, Rothermel, John K. Sherman, Snajdr.*
Band of Angels. *By Robert Penn Warren. (Random House) Bradley, Morrissey, Tinkle.*
Bell's Landing. *By Gerald Warner Brace. (W. W. Norton) Smith.*
Bride of the Innisfallen. *By Eudora Welty. (Harcourt, Brace) Hogan.*
The Confessions of Felix Krull. *By Thomas Mann. Translated by Denver Lindley. (Alfred A. Knopf) Cowley, Geismar, Molyneaux, Thomas B. Sherman.*
An Episode of Sparrows. *By Rumer Godden. (Viking) Hass.*
Heritage. *By Anthony West. (Random House) Kogan.*
The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. *By Sloan Wilson. (Simon & Schuster) Flowers, North.*
The Navigator. *By Jules Roy. Translated by Mervyn Savill. (Alfred A. Knopf) Wyllie.*
The Recognitions. *By William Gaddis. (Harcourt, Brace) Emmart, Yeiser.*
Sincerely, Willis Wade. *By John P. Marquand. (Little, Brown) Hormel.*
Ten North Frederick. *By John O'Hara. (Random House) Barkham.*
The Years of the City. *By George Stewart. (Houghton Mifflin) Dolbier.*

The specialists who nominated books in fiction are:

Bruce Catton, *author of "A Stillness at Appomattox," editor of* American Heritage
Malcolm Cowley, *literary critic*
Maxwell Geismar, *critic and author of "Rebels and Ancestors"*
Walter Havighurst, *Professor of English at Miami University, Ohio*
Gilbert Highet, *Professor of Classics at Columbia University; conductor of the radio program "People, Places, and Books"*

The specialists who nominated books in the general fields are:

Marston Bates, *Professor of Zoology, University of Michigan*
Jacques Barzun, *author of "God's Country and Mine"*
Rachel Carson, *author of "The Edge of the Sea"*
Gordon K. Chalmers, *President of Kenyon College*
William O. Douglas, *Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court*
John D. Hicks, *Morison Professor of History at the University of California*
William L. Laurence, *Science writer,* The New York Times
Samuel Lubell, *political writer, author of "The Future of American Politics"*
Dexter Perkins, *Professor of History at Cornell University, author of "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy"*
Harry L. Shapiro, *Chairman of Department of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History*
C. Vann Woodward, *Professor of History at Johns Hopkins University, author of "The Strange Career of Jim Crow"*

The specialists who nominated books of verse are:

Charles I. Glicksburg, *poet and critic*
Horace Gregory, *lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College and author of several volumes of verse*
Selden Rodman, *poet and anthologist*
W. T. Scott, *former book-review editor of the* Providence Journal *and author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems"*
Louis Untermeyer, *editor and author of many volumes of verse*
Richard Wilbur, *poet and teacher*
William Carlos Williams, *winner of the National Book Award for poetry, 1949*

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The Toughie Submerged

By SERGEANT CUFF

THE MOST encouraging development of the past year in the field of the detective, mystery, and suspense novel, and a highly encouraging development it is, is the submergence of the toughie yarn. Looking back over 1955's output, I cannot recall a single instance of an arm being twisted off at the shoulder, or of initials being etched with a stiletto into a squealer's back. Brutality has not, of course, altogether disappeared; an occasional face is pounded to pulp, but usually it wasn't much of a face to begin with, and at times a wrist has had to be broken, invariably in the interest of law and order. But by and large the swallow-a-mouthful-of-teeth school, while it may not have closed for good, has certainly been taking a vacation.

This situation should be a help to the new writers who are coming up, and who are now at liberty to revert to the old models. And new writers *are* coming up, and many of them hold high promise. Promise nothing—some of them have already delivered. But don't press too hard, youngsters—only a few seats are available in the rear of the hall. The fabrication of stories involving violent and man-produced death seems to be one of the healthiest occupations in the world. Half a dozen contemporary practitioners on both sides of the water have produced more than fifty titles each, and some of these practitioners are not what our gerontological world would call old. Some of them, indubitably, it would.

A year ago we reported that some of the gayest humor of our day was to be found in the detective story. This truism continues true and is even getting truer. The completely humorless mystery is almost non-existent. The humorless mystery, when found, frequently turns out to be a poor mystery, but by no means always. Humorless must not be regarded as synonymous with ponderous, pompous, or dull. In THE CRIMINAL RECORD we always try to stress the humorous element when it is a plus factor. Good writing is also accented in these reports, because while good writing cannot save a poor story, it can sometimes salvage a story that without it would fall short of excellence.

We can't give exact statistics, but it seems to us that the characters in 1955's output have been, for the most part, credible and authentic. Where they have not been, the difficulty usually is that they have been stretched or shortened to fit an elaborate story program. The fetish of the elaborate story program, of the I'm-going-to-do-it-different thesis, still has validity for some of our producers, possibly because the involved plot is really easier to construct and to adhere to than the simple one. It would be good medicine if this breed of writer would make it a practice to reread Poe's three detective stories at least once a year.

Time was when an American mystery was more likely to have its scene laid in New York than anywhere else. New York (with Suburbia and Exurbia included) still leads the field, but Los Angeles is giving it a tough race, and Miami is closing up fast. Recent stories have included such an assortment of settings as Boston, San Diego, Chicago, Denver, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, Tampa, and Montreal, plus anonymous localities in Ohio, Connecticut, Wyoming, Maryland, Kentucky, Michigan, Kansas, Maine, and the Canadian Rockies. Thanks to the Wright brothers, Europe is offering a much more bewildering variety of location than ever before.

There has been much commendable activity during the year in the true crime field, and several titles have appeared over university press imprints. This doesn't mean that murder is going high-hat; it does mean that murder has a high-hat and a high-brow following. Its appeal, in other words, is universal, and that appeal is story—the story of a human being who has taken the greatest gamble of all and is fighting to hold onto the dice to the last throw.

THE lists that follow are somewhat longer than usual for the reasons that crime fiction usually comes in short takes, that (if properly compounded) it reads easily and swiftly, and that limiting the fiction list to a dozen or so titles would be unfair to many capable practitioners and to a multitude of readers. These are not meant to be "best" titles but "good" titles. The order is roughly by publication date through the year.

Fiction

"The Men with Three Eyes," by Louisa Revell (Macmillan, $2.75).

"Somewhere in This City," by Maurice Procter (Harper, $2.75).

"False Colors," by Richard Powell (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).

"The Silver Cobweb," by Ben Benson (Mill-Morrow, $2.75).

"Bones in the Barrow," by Josephine Bell (Macmillan, $2.50).

"Burnt Offering," by Richard and Frances Lockridge (Lippincott, $2.50).

"Ring Around Rosa," by William Campbell Gault (Dutton, $2.75).

"The Case of the Talking Bug," by the Gordons (Crime Club, $2.75).

"The Best That Ever Did It," by Ed Lacy (Harper, $2.50).

"Much Ado About Murder," by Fred Levon (Dodd, Mead, $2.75).

"The Echoing Shore," by Robert Martin (Dodd, Mead, $2.75).

"The Pinned Man," by George Griswold (Little, Brown, $3).

CHRISTMAS CHEER ON PUBLISHERS' ROW: At 1955's end American publishers and booksellers are in a generally cheerful mood, although their smiles are not as broad or their wallets as thick as those of their brothers in, say, automobiles or woolens. The publishers issued about 10,000 new titles in the past twelve months, plus new editions of perhaps 2,000 old favorites, the fact-collectors at *Publishers' Weekly* tell us. Sales of these were good, especially during the fall season. The showings in fiction were particularly fine. During the first nine months of 1955 sales in retail shops were up 7 per cent over a year before. The right to return unsalable books to publishers, a favorite topic among booksellers over the decades, is not being much discussed at present. There were no failures among the major publishers, and there are reports that several new houses will be making their bow during the coming year. The paperback, a newcomer that has troubled the postwar book trade, has become a steadier citizen during the past twelve months. Houses that distribute primarily through newsstands, as well as those which concentrate on bookstores, are choosing higher quality titles than in the past, and there is less emphasis on busts and brawn on the covers. Sales have leveled off at a satisfactory height.

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"Widow's Plight," by Ruth Fenisong (Crime Club, $2.75).
"F.O.B. Murder," by Bert and Dolores Hitchens (Crime Club, $2.75).
"Invasion of Privacy," by Harry Jurnitz (Random House, $2.75).
"The Cellar at No. 5," by Shelley Smith (Harper, $2.75).
"The Fatal Picnic," by Bernice Carey (Crime Club, $2.75).
"Gideon's Day," by J. J. Marric (Harper, $2.75).
"All Through the Night," by Whit Masterson (Dodd, Mead, $2.75).
"The Eleventh Hour," by Donald Forbes (Roy, $2.50).
"Scales of Justice," by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown, $3).
"The Country House Burglar," by Michael Gilbert (Harper, $2.75).
"Hickory Dickory Death," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, $3).
"The Rare Adventure," by Bernard Fergusson (Rinehart, $2.75).
"Before Midnight," by Rex Stout (Viking, $2.75).
"Sinners and Shrouds," by Jonathan Latimer (Simon & Schuster, $3).
"The Riddle of Samson," by Andrew Garve (Harper, $2.75).
"Just a Corpse at Twilight," by Robert Martin (Dodd, Mead, $2.75).

Fact

"Scotland Yard," by Sir Harold Scott (Random House, $5).
"The Woman in the Case," by Edgar Lustgarten (Scribner, $3).
"Headquarters," by Quentin Reynolds (Harper, $3.95).
"The Escape of the Notorious Sir William Heans," by William Hay (Cambridge University Press, $4.50). Actually fiction, but included here because of historical and antiquarian interest.
"Benefit of Clergy in America," by the late George W. Dalzell (Blair Company, Winston-Salem, N. C., $4.50).
"Never Plead Guilty," by John Wesley Noble and Bernard Averbuch (Farras, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50).
"The Greer Case," by David W. Peck (Simon & Schuster, $3.75).
"Historical Whodunits," by Hugh Ross Williamson (Macmillan, $3.75).
"Hue and Cry," by Patrick Pringle (Morrow, $4).
"Cloak Without Dagger," by Sir Percy Silletoe (Abelard-Schuman, $3).
"Six-Gun and Silver Star," by Glenn Shirley (University of New Mexico Press, $4.50).
"You May Take the Witness," by Clinton Giddings Brown (University of Texas Press, $3.95).
"Occupation: Thief," by Donald MacKenzie (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50).

Bullish Days for Fictioneers

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

IS THE business of publishing American fiction in a depressing state? We asked this question (together with a few questions about current trends in the business of buying and selling novels) of five top editors of five top publishing houses: LeBaron R. Barker of Doubleday & Co., Simon Michael Bessie of Harper & Brothers, Hiram Haydn of Random House, Miss Frances Phillips of William Morrow & Co., and Harold Strauss of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Their answers are summarized below. They should cheer up many a would-be novelist and so raise him at least from *his* doldrums. Some time we'll ask the critics for *their* opinion.

Is the business of publishing American fiction in a depressing state? No, say the publishers, who know better than to expect every book to be a great book. Two of the editors with whom we talked said that up until six months ago they would have agreed that it was indeed depressing. But things have changed. Both of these editors have strong fiction lists for the spring. So do the other editors with whom we talked. Two did admit that they have in the past been cutting their fiction lists. One reason for such cutting lies in the fact that the quality of fiction submitted to them did not justify publication; but the other reason lies in the fact that by cutting fiction lists the publishers are able to get more volume out of fewer—but better, commercially speaking—books.

The apparent recent doldrums of the business, say all the editors, could be something of an illusion. It is silly, they feel, to look back at the 1925-1926 heyday of fiction for any real comparison. That era, they say, was an extraordinarily rich one and a fairer comparison would be to look back to 1915-1916 when, say the publishers, things were by no means so rosy. It is also unfair to assume that the business of publishing fiction is sinking just because the business of publishing *non*-fiction seems to have dwarfed it in recent years. In 1955 approximately 1,700 novels have been published, making fiction still the largest single category of book to be published; and, say the editors, there are examples of excellent novels among these. As for the fiction of the future, the stockpiles are high, thereby discrediting the rumor that television is luring fiction writers away from the publishers. During the past year more manuscripts have been submitted to publishing houses than during other recent years (though one editor does believe that some of this increase in number of manuscripts is due to the fact that smaller publication lists keep the same manuscripts circulating from house to house). The most outstanding single example of this increase in quantity is the recent Harper $10,000 Prize Novel Contest. In it 50 per cent more entries were received than ever before in the history of a contest which dates back to the early 1920s. That the quality of the top entries was superior is proved, says that firm's editor, by the fact that a novel was found which was worthy of the prize—a phenomenon which has not always occurred. As further proof of the quality of these manuscripts, Harper's says that six other entries were found which, though they did not win the prize, were worthy of publication and so were published.

IS FICTION selling as well as it once did? Perhaps not, but it is selling better than many people think it is. The publishers feel that too much emphasis has been put on the fact that higher production costs make it necessary for a novel to sell more copies than it once had to sell. The novel of sensitivity is unable to reach high sales figures and so is now published less frequently or is put down as a failure. Right after World War II it was possible to sell almost any kind of novel. Now, however, a novel has to be a better novel than it once had to be in order to sell well enough to make it worth a publisher's while. Actually it is the middling novel which is going down in sales; the big best-seller is still selling just as well as it ever did.

A big fiction best-seller which sells

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all its subsidiary rights—book clubs, reprint houses, etc.—will make more for the author and his publisher than will even such extraordinary non-fiction best-sellers as those of Norman Vincent Peale. Most of the book clubs are interested in fiction and not at all in non-fiction. Both writer and publisher also make money from sales to magazines, which do not show up in the sales of the book: Anya Seton's "Katherine," for example, lost, so the publishers figure, a potential total of 50,000 copies in sales by appearing in *Ladies' Home Journal*, but both writer and publisher were amply repaid for this apparent loss in sales by the size of the check for serial rights.

In the past year even first novels have again racked up good advance sales. One house's fall list of ten novels have sold from approximately 7,000 copies to 54,000 copies each, the bulk of them between 10,000 and 25,000 copies each. This is a far happier picture than existed even a year ago, and the publishers are unable to explain the general upswing. Perhaps, they say, it is due to the general nationwide business upswing. Perhaps also, they say, it is partly due to the fact that the sales of paperback houses, which heretofore have eaten into the hard-cover sales, have now leveled off.

What chance has the first novel for being published nowadays? All the publishers have first novels on their lists, and Harper's has published as many first novels this year as it ever has—a total of eight of them. One publisher says that the first novel has a better chance than it had at least a year ago and that it is approaching the chance that it had ten years ago, which was good. This publisher has a first novel coming up on its spring list on which the advance printing is about 12,000 copies, unusually high for first novels. But he and other publishers agree that the first novel, like all other novels, has to be a better book than it once was. One editor advises first novelists to keep their books down to 80,000 (and certainly no more than 100,000) words. This editor says that the contents of any first novel go well in this number of words, that the novelist is thereby enabled to save something of himself for his next book, and that this limitation enables the publisher to do one very practical thing—to put a price tag of $3.50 on the first novel, which makes it a salable book.

What important trends have you noticed in the subject matter of the novels which you are accepting for publication? The editors generally agree that, contrary to popular opinion, the war novel has not spent itself. Almost every house has one war novel on its future list and each house expects excellent sales from it. Two of the houses this spring will bring out novels of the war in Korea, and all insist that any war novel can offer the same kind of romance, whether it deals with jet fighters or horse cavalry.

There is, say the publishers, an upswing in appreciation of the good historical novel like "Hadrian's Memoirs" and there is a downswing in appreciation of novels of sensitivity and of those which, as they put it, are written by young men who are sucking their thumbs in corners and crying about the world. They are aware of the popularity of the novel which takes the business world as its theme (as in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit") and they wish that they could find more such novels. But unhappily, they say, few writers know enough about the business world to write a good novel about it.

The avant-garde novel is disappearing, some editors say, but others say that it has simply been absorbed by the "experimental" novel—a type which has become generally popular in recent years. Indeed, the "experimental" novel is rarely recognized any longer as experimental. An example of this development is the case of Saul Bellows's "The Adventures of Augie March," which sold well.

One publisher confesses that he is searching hard for novels about families. Such novels, he says, would sell well right now. He hasn't found any yet, but he is still looking.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

Mrs. D. Y. Holcomb of Fayetteville, Arkansas, submits the names of twenty pairs of lovers (scrambled, but not necessarily star-crossed) taken from fiction (and in one instance from a play). Males in first column, females in second. She asks you to sort these ill-sorted couples correctly and to identify the authors of the works. If you get as far as the authors you will have little difficulty with the titles, which are listed with the answers. Of the sixty scraps of information sought you should get forty easily, from forty-one to fifty-two less easily, and anything above that least easily. Key column three on column one. Answers on page 18.

1.	Merton Densher	( )	Lily Bart	( )	G. B. Shaw
2.	Eugene Marchbanks	( )	Sonia Marmeladov	( )	Dostoevski
3.	Fitzwilliam Darcy	( )	Bathsheba Everdene	( )	Sinclair Lewis
4.	Lawrence Selden	( )	Amelia Sedley	( )	Hardy
5.	Tom Jones	( )	Kate Croy	( )	Maugham
6.	Charles Darnay	( )	Sophia Western	( )	Tolstoy
7.	Rodion Raskolnikov	( )	Edith Leete	( )	Thackeray
8.	Walter Hartright	( )	Dorothea Brooke	( )	Howells
9.	Julian West	( )	Margaret Brandt	( )	Trollope
10.	Samuel Povey	( )	Penelope Lapham	( )	Bellamy
11.	Will Kennicott	( )	Marya Bolkonsky	( )	Wilkie Collins
12.	Ronald Heaslop	( )	Candida Morell	( )	Dickens
13.	Gabriel Oak	( )	Constance Baines	( )	Arnold Bennett
14.	Edward Driffield	( )	Eleanor Harding	( )	Fielding
15.	Nikolay Rostov	( )	Elizabeth Bennet	( )	E. M. Forster
16.	William Dobbin	( )	Lucie Manette	( )	Henry James
17.	Tom Corey	( )	Carol Milford	( )	Jane Austen
18.	John Bold	( )	Rosie Gann	( )	Edith Wharton
19.	Will Ladislaw	( )	Laura Fairlie	( )	George Eliot
20.	Gerard Eliason	( )	Adela Quested	( )	Charles Reade

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Ominous Exhilaration in Germany

"Mainsprings of the German Revival," by Henry C. Wallich *(Yale University Press. 401 pp. $4.50), and* ***"The Colossus Again: Western Germany from Defeat to Rearmament," by Alfred Grosser*** *(translated by Richard Rees. Frederick A. Praeger. 249 pp. $4.75), are inquiries by a Yale economist and a French political scientist into one of the most troublesome problems of our time. Professor Henry L. Bretton of the University of Michigan, who reviews it below, is the author of "Stresemann and the Revision of Versailles" and co-author of "German Democracy at work."*

By Henry L. Bretton

IN THEIR new books Henry C. Wallich and Alfred Grosser are both concerned with the same subject—the revival of postwar Germany—West Germany to be exact. But they each travel different roads, seeking different objectives. Mr. Wallich is a Yale economist; Mr. Grosser is director of research of the French Institute of Political Studies. The two do not emerge with equal success from their joust with the German problem. Mr. Wallich wisely confines his observations to the economic aspects of Germany's revival, thus presenting a self-contained and hardly assailable report. Mr. Grosser's effort at the outset suffers from the encyclopedic scope of his study, from the generalizations which inevitably result from an attempt to render a political, economic, sociological, and psychological judgment of a major nation in some two hundred pages.

Mr. Wallich's "Mainsprings of the German Revival," apart from its value to economics in general, constitutes an outstanding contribution to the lore and literature on "the German miracle," the phenomenal economic recovery which that country has experienced since the days of World War II. He scrupulously avoids being drawn into the whirlpool of political controversy and consistently rejects speculations, however tempting. With scholarly detachment and with extreme modesty toward the achievements and capabilities of his own discipline, he systematically and convincingly analyzes the key factors in the revival, objectively reporting what can reliably be ascertained, critically setting aside or dismissing altogether what cannot be supported by evidence. In the process he repudiates a number of "explanations" or theories which have originated in various quarters since the end of the war and also disproves the validity of several prewar theses on the German economy.

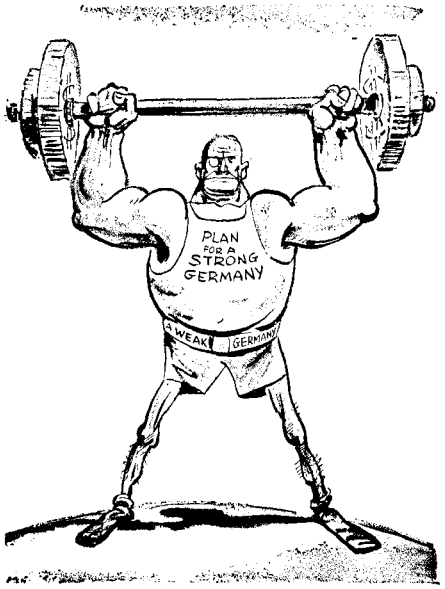
As he sees it, the mainsprings of the revival originate in three fields: Some are traceable to the political events of the postwar period, preeminently to the East-West split. Others are linked to the economic and human geography of the country. A third group emerges from the policies of the Western Allies and subsequently to a large measure from the West German Ministry of Economics.

The East-West split, with its dramatic policy reversals, made a friend of Germany instead of a foe. From these events flowed the energizing essence of Foreign Aid topped by the benefits of the Korea boom. What to the Germans appears to be the most painful by-product of the East-West quarrel, the partition of their country into rival sections, proved to be less disastrous from the economic point of view than had at first been expected. In some respects the development turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Even the vaunted refugee problem turned into a beneficiary factor favoring rather than retarding economic recovery.

Mr. Wallich has considerable respect for the vision and daring of the more farsighted economists associated with the Occupation regimes and particularly for the German engineers of the Federal Republic's great experiment in a "socially conscious free market economy." In the opinion of this reviewer, a political scientist, the perspective provided by this economic study is indispensable for an understanding of the political and social dynamics of present-day Germany. Nowhere else is it so ably demonstrated that the future of democracy in Germany is inextricably linked to the future of the German economy. Neither is it commonly understood that the German economy cannot effectively perform its function toward the improvement of political conditions if German economic doctrine and economic behavior are not substantially altered in concept and in orientation. Perhaps this may seem obvious, but the literature on the subject tends to underrate these relationships or ignore them altogether.

Mr. Wallich notes some disturbing elements. The scope of the economic revival has been too all-pervading, its pace too exhilarating. The nation has not had the time nor the incentive to address itself to other vital problems such as the need for filling the emotional and intellectual void created by the disillusioning departure of the Hitler regime.

ALFRED GROSSER'S "The Colossus Again," it seems, was written with deep concern over the same problem: the dizzy pace of the revival and the



—*Burck in the* Chicago Times *(1947).*
"New Race?"

—*Herblock in* The Washington Post *(1949).*
"Want Me to Help Unify You Again?"

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ever-present danger that vital social and political tasks are neglected in favor of material progress. Unfortunately, this book, by its author's own admission, is "in many ways incomplete and superficial." This fact would alone detract from whatever message the author seeks to impart, but there are other, more fundamental, weaknesses. Like Mr. Wallich, Mr. Grosser seeks to analyze German affairs primarily on the basis of postwar developments but, unlike his American colleague, Mr. Grosser refuses to accept his own evidence. Too frequently he appears to be engaged in a fault-finding expedition, blandly ignoring extensive data tending to contradict his apparently preconceived notions about Germany. This may be the result of looking at things from the point of view of thrice-invaded France, but it is regrettable practice nevertheless. The tendency to accentuate the negative is particularly apparent in discussions of political events since the war. The 1953 election in the West German Republic, for example, with its overwhelming victory of the forces of moderation, is largely interpreted by reference to marginal events. Little value is attached to the fact that about 80 per cent of the popular vote went to parties of outspoken moderate orientation. Instead the spotlight is focused on the politicians and parties who did not even manage to be represented in Parliament; and the conclusion is drawn that reaction rears its ugly head. The author warns in the concluding chapter: "At the moment the forces of progress are in danger in every sphere of being overborne by the forces of the past." There can be no doubt that the danger exists. But it is only fair to point out that this is equally true of all mankind.

Moving rapidly through political, economic, social, and moral problems, Mr. Grosser, by dint of his concentration on negative aspects, finds the German landscape replete with evidence pointing to a return of reaction. Assessing responsibility for this state of affairs in the concluding chapter, the author again reveals a bias, in this instance in favor of the Soviet Union. He asserts that the state of affairs in West Germany is largely the result of a "disastrous influence . . . of the rearmament situation" and responsibility for that is attached to "the United States and its allies." There is no hint that the Soviet Union may have had anything to do with it. Several earlier passages cast additional light on this particular bias. For instance, Mr. Grosser asserts, "The Russians and French had been invaded and looted by Germany, and their main interest as occupying powers was compensation for the damage they had suffered." This seems to discount the existence of any other Soviet motivations—such as may be revealed in the works of Marx, Lenin, or Stalin—a proposition which no serious observer of Soviet behavior will be able to accept. Another astonishing observation is that the Soviet Union on March 25, 1954 "gave the [East German] Democratic Republic complete sovereignty . . . going much further than the concessions made by the West at Bonn to the Federal Republic." This again ignores the existence of a one-party regime in East Germany which still is an organic part of the Soviet-directed Communist empire. The author's observation that the Soviet Union only broke "finally" with the Potsdam principles in March 1954 likewise flies straight in the face of commonly known facts. This reviewer wishes that Mr. Grosser could have been as eagle-eyed in his appraisal of Russia's motivations as he was in the case of Germany's.

All criticism aside, Mr. Grosser does provide a composite portrayal of the West German Republic and he deserves credit for the attempt. Until a better, more accurate, and more objective book comes along "The Colossus Again" will represent a contribution to literature on the subject of postwar Germany. It probably was not the author's intent to do for Germany what Herbert Luethy achieved in his "France Against Herself." This reviewer, however, is reminded of it, and having seen what can be done in a one-volume work he wishes that Mr. Grosser—assuming that he can rid himself of his several biases—had allowed himself more time.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 7, 13, 16, 1, 5, 9, 19, 20, 17, 15, 2, 10, 18, 3, 6, 11, 14, 8, 12. Column Three should read: 2, 7, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 9, 8, 6, 10, 5, 12, 1, 3, 4, 19, 20. Titles are as follows (keyed on Column One): 1. "The Wings of the Dove." 2. "Candida." 3. "Pride and Prejudice." 4. "The House of Mirth." 5. "Tom Jones." 6. "A Tale of Two Cities." 7. "Crime and Punishment." 8. "The Woman in White." 9. "Looking Backward." 10. "The Old Wives' Tale." 11. "Main Street." 12. "A Passage to India." 13. "Far from the Madding Crowd." 14. "Cakes and Ale." 15. "War and Peace." 16. "Vanity Fair." 17. "The Rise of Silas Lapham." 18. "The Warden." 19. "Middlemarch." 20. "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Habsburg Heritage

"Between Liberation and Liberty," by Karl Gruber *(translated by Lionel Kochan. Frederick A. Praeger. 240 pp. $4.50), tells the story of Austria's valiant struggle against Communism. Here it is reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The Russian Octopus" and other books.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

YOU might call Karl Gruber's new book a success story, for it is the story of Austria's valiant struggle to live. The author is that country's Ambassador to the U.S., but for the eight crucial years from 1945 to 1953 he was Austria's Foreign Minister, and he has set down a blow-by-blow account of the prodigious discouragements, setbacks, frustrations, and baffling problems that beset an indomitable little nation located right on the firing line of the Cold War.

In reading this freedom-or-nothing record, it should be kept in mind that Austria at the end of World War II embodied the classic reasons why nations are supposed to embrace totalitarianism in desperation. The small Danubian country had been seized by Nazi Germany and had lived seven years under Hitler's dictatorship. It had lost many of its young men in the war, had suffered from Allied bombing, had been invaded by foreign armies, and had seen its most flourishing provinces occupied by the Russians. At the end of the war there were hunger, unemployment, and economic collapse. The currency had little value. Worst of all, the ancient and culture-rich country seemed to have no future and little hope of one.

Under the terrible postwar conditions, Austria might have chosen what appeared the easier way out—a surrender to totalitarianism. The huge Soviet empire was victorious, its troops being on the eastern bank of the river Enns. Communism seemed the wave of the future, and it took a courageous, determined people to hold out against it. But the men and women who had never accepted Nazism now stood their ground against Communism.

This volume, well translated by Lionel Kochan, takes on added interest because its scope is not confined to Austria. Foreign Minister Gruber was a busy man, whose journeys took him to Prague, Moscow, Paris, Belgrade, London, and Washington. A keen observer with a sense of humor, he noted what was happening and what

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was being said wherever he went. Sometimes—and without much help from the West—he had to fight to hold on to Austrian territory. Yugoslavia, for example, demanded South Carinthia, including the Carinthian capital. There was neither ethnic nor other ground for this attempt at territorial seizure, but the Austrians had to fight long and hard to prevent the Yugoslavs, with Soviet help, from seizing a purely Austrian region.

At home, meantime, the Communists were trying to infiltrate the government, to get control of the police, and to dominate the economic life of their zone of occupation. They were busy carrying off all kinds of goods and equipment on the pretext that these were "German assets." On one occasion a Communist-directed "hunger strike" was organized, apparently as a *putsch* to give the Communists control. It failed because the Austrian government refused to be stampeded.

When this volume appeared in Austria it became a subject of controversy. American readers are likely, however, to have only a minor interest in the intra-governmental politics involved. What will undoubtedly stay fixed in American minds is the fact that, despite enormous difficulties, the Austrian leaders—Raab, Figl, Gruber, Schärf, and their colleagues—stood staunchly on the side of freedom. The two leading political parties—the moderately right of center People's Party and the moderately left of center Socialists—cooperated in the interest of the national welfare. They forthrightly refused to have truck with the extremist fringes, and the result is that in three national elections since the war, the Communist vote has been held down to five per cent. Today, thanks to courage and civic liberalism, the Austrians are once more a free people.

Karl Gruber—"a keen observer."

Power, Exile, and the Red Coup

"Memoirs of Dr. Eduard Beneš: From Munich to New War and New Victory" *(translated by Godfrey Lias. Houghton Mifflin. 346 pp. $7.50), written a year before the death of the Czech President, gives his account of a decade in power and in exile. It is reviewed here by Fritz Stern, assistant professor of history at Columbia University.*

By Fritz Stern

THE tragedy of the life of Dr. Eduard Beneš is that of a good man, rational and cultivated, who was overwhelmed and destroyed by a massive evil which he could barely comprehend. Twice he had to preside over the destruction of his country, which he himself had helped to found. In 1938 Czechoslovakia, created in the heyday of Wilsonian hope at the end of the First World War and guided into the paths of democracy by the gentle genius of its first President, Thomas Masaryk, was dismembered by the Nazis, with the frightened consent at Munich of England and France. But appeasement by surrender failed. War came in September 1939, and the Czechs could derive little comfort from the fact that they had persistently warned against Hitler's insatiability. When Czechoslovakia was resurrected in 1945 Dr. Beneš, the last President of the old democratic Republic, became the first of the new. This time he hoped to preserve its life by forging equally close links with the West and the Soviet Union, by building that celebrated bridge between East and West which was to prove the feasibility of cooperation. In February 1948, when the Czech Communists seized power, that dream, too, was shattered. Dr. Beneš retired soon afterwards and died, in September of that year, a lonely figure from a happier past.

Dr. Beneš's "Memoirs," written in 1947 after his return to Prague, deal with the least controversial aspects of the preceding decade: he reports briefly on the events preceding Munich, leaving the history of Munich itself for a later volume, which was never written, and for the rest renders an account to his people of his leadership in exile. It is a pathetic story, told, in the translation at least, in a heavy, graceless prose, without vigor or passion, and enfeebled by his effort to relate the truth without antagonizing his country's allies. He does condemn the appeasers, though he rightly considers them as the symptoms rather than the causes of Western collapse. More sternly he arraigns his own compatriots: Hácha, his successor as President in 1938, who surrendered to the Germans a year later, the various factions in exile, representing not only Slovaks and Sudeten Germans but Czechs, too, who intrigued and conspired against his authority and thus impeded his efforts to rally all Czech forces and obtain for them the same legal status as had been granted the other governments in exile.

This nasty internecine fighting among the emigrés, this wrangling over legal fictions and partisan advantage, at a time when the people at home were suffering the daily terror of occupation, which the fate of Lidice grimly dramatized, makes one marvel all the more at the earlier leadership of Masaryk, which had succeeded in establishing and preserving democratic institutions for a politically inexperienced and ethnically divided community.

Beneš's aim in exile went beyond the annulment of Munich, though that had to be the first step and one in which he received the immediate and generous support of Franklin Roosevelt. While still in London he sought to insure that Czechoslovakia once liberated would never again succumb to foreign aggression. Towards that end he decided that after liberation most, perhaps all, of the so-called Sudeten Germans on Czech soil would have to be transferred to Germany, thus removing any possible pretext for future German interference. At his request the Allies accepted the general principle of population transfer in 1943.

DR. BENEŠ's main effort, however, was directed at obtaining the friendship of the Soviet Union, which alone could give Czechoslovakia adequate protection against any renewed German aggression. The road to Moscow was hard, though Dr. Beneš tends to minimize the obstacles. Still, when he signed the treaty of friendship in the Kremlin in December 1943 did he really have no misgivings, no fears

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Amy Loveman

MISS AMY LOVEMAN, of *The Saturday Review,* died last week in her seventy-fifth year. So far as we were able to tell, her passing was peaceful. Her illness was a dread one and it had lasted a year and a half, but she had maintained a full working schedule until a few days before her death.

I sit here and stare at the sheet in my typewriter. It is Sunday. The city is quiet and the office is empty. Some thirty feet away is Miss Loveman's office. Her desk is as she left it last Tuesday, except for some accumulated mail. Perhaps half the envelopes will contain poetry; ever since Bill Benét's death Miss Loveman has handled poetry for *SR*. In the mail, too, will be letters from publishers about their new books. But, most typically, letters from friends. The letters will probably thank her for some act of extraordinary kindness. Nothing was more remarkable about Amy Loveman than her gift for friendship or the ease with which she did things for other people. People would say she was the only person they knew who could be thoughtful without having to think about it.

In the lower left-hand drawer of her desk is a large folder we have gone through together many times. Memory lane. Letters from men and women like John Masefield, Theodore Dreiser, Lord Dunsany, Ellen Glasgow, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Osbert Sitwell, Edward Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Robinson Jeffers, Upton Sinclair, Thomas Wolfe. In the top drawer some photographs, generally between boards, of the people she worked with and loved, people like Henry Seidel Canby, William Rose Benét, Christopher Morley, William Allen White, John Mason Brown, George Stevens, Harry Scherman, and members of the present *SR* staff and their families.

In the second drawer on the left, her reports for the Book-of-the-Month Club. For years Miss Loveman had carried efficiently and gracefully the burdens of two full-time jobs. How many books she had to handle and read all during that time for *SR* and BOMC she herself never dared to guess. The bad books, and there were many of them, failed to exhaust or depress her. Now and then she would come across something of quality and her reward could not have been more complete if she had discovered an unpublished novel by Jane Austen.

STILL looking at her empty office: On the bookshelf behind her desk conveniently within reach are her favorite reference books, the most conspicuous of them being the Dictionary of American Biography. She could relive the moments in history when the big men had to make their big decisions and she could retain a sense of freshness and excitement in her appreciation. For her, Winston Churchill was like a summing-up of everything that's right with the human race. She liked the epic forward thrust and the mammoth optimism of the man; she was enchanted with the Churchillian contempt for the difficult and his sense of outrage towards the impossible.

"Whatever may be said about me," she said about herself last week, "no one can say I'm not an optimist. I have always been an optimist. And I've never been disappointed."

From the start she had been optimistic about *The Saturday Review*. In the file in her office is a specially bound copy of the first number of the magazine, and not far from it the artwork for the symbol of the phoenix rising from the ashes. The symbol was to become something of a trade-mark for the magazine. It had been William Rose Benét's idea and he used it as an integral part of the heading for the department he conducted in *SRL* until his death in 1950. It was a decorative but jaunty bird, looking more as if it were indignant because its tail had been accidentally singed than if it were the fabled creature taking shape from the dying embers.

It is easy to imagine Amy Loveman admiring the spunky quality of the artist's conception of the bird. For in those days one had to be an optimist. She was part of a group trying to do something that had never been done successfully before: publish an independent weekly national literary review. Henry Seidel Canby, William Rose Benét, Christopher Morley, and Amy Loveman had been the editors of the Literary Supplement of the old *New York Evening Post* and had won fame throughout the English-speaking world for the high standards and literary excellence of its essays and reviews.

Miss Loveman liked to tell about the time that Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of the *New York Evening Post,* who spent most of his time in Philadelphia, walked down Wall Street and was astounded to observe the brokers as they bought their newsstand copies of the *Evening Post*. The brokers ejected the Literary Supplement with a practised flip of the wrist and deftly folded the paper with the same hand. Mr. Curtis then decided that the supplement was not contributing as substantially as he had hoped to the cultural development of the captains and the kings of the financial district. He informed Dr. Canby that the supplement would be discontinued.

The first part of that story may be apocryphal, but one thing that is certain is that at least one of the customers read the Literary Supplement and wanted to keep it alive. Thomas W. Lamont was enthusiastic about the prospects for the continuation of the supplement as a separate magazine and was willing to write the checks that would make it possible. Three other young men of energy and confidence were connected with the new venture then starting up: Henry R. Luce, Briton Hadden, and Roy Larsen.

The first issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* was dated August 2, 1924. The masthead listed Dr. Canby

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—*Arni.*

as Editor, Miss Loveman and William Rose Benét as Associate Editors, and Christopher Morley as Contributing Editor. The small type announced the fact that *SRL* was being published weekly by Time, Inc., of which Henry R. Luce was President and Henry Seidel Canby Vice President. Prospective advertisers were invited to write to Noble A. Cathcart; prospective subscribers to the Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen.

The format of the new magazine was newspaper-supplement size, printed in three wide columns on distinctive type. The leading editorial said that modern criticism must "be like a modern university where one seeks Principles, but also works in laboratories of immediate experience amidst the vivid confusion of experiment. In one guise a graybeard philosopher searching for the Best, but also in the mood of youth, watching the three-ringed show under the great tent of Today—yet discriminating in both—that is the double function of criticism and this Review."

In that first issue Miss Loveman wrote a review of a novel, "Woodsmoke," by Francis Brett Young. All the qualities which were to win her distinction as a critic were observed in that review: the attempt to see a book not only in the reviewer's terms but in terms of what the author was trying to do; the sense of balance and fairness that prevented her from seizing upon a single startling aspect of a book and raising it to a monopoly status; the existence at all times of basic critical values carefully developed out of a remarkable working knowledge of the best in literature; and a final neat loop of appraisal that could be grasped readily by the inquiring reader.

There was something else in that first review that was beautifully characteristic of the reviewer. Miss Loveman praised Mr. Young for a story that drew its strength from the author's "sympathetic vision of a world in which human nature, cast back upon elemental conditions, retains even at its most pitiful a certain essential dignity."

In that one sentence is to be found the essence of her own optimism. She could contemplate all the violence and meanness and mobilized evil of the age, yet never forget the ultimate strength that was to be found in human decency. She was not appalled by the dualism in man; all that mattered to her was that moral catharsis and the chance to do better came with the gift of life.

At the time *SRL* began Amy Loveman argued strongly but without stridency for idealism without self deception, for awareness of living issues without meaningless immersion, and for recognition of the power of hope. She had no patience with the cynicism that went in and out of fashion; she thought nothing was more wasteful than defeatism—whether in literature or life. This large view never left her.

* * *

THE early connection between *SR* and Time, Inc. didn't last very long. Apparently the theory that two new struggling weeklies were easier to publish than one didn't hold, and it was decided that each would fend for

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itself as best it could. The story of Time, Inc. has been told elsewhere. *SRL* in those early days found some 20,000 readers who became devoted to it and quickly formed a cheering section. And it performed the kind of service for the world of books in America that had never before existed on a national scale. The editorial franchise was the marketplace of good taste. But it was a limited marketplace, despite the intensity of the response, and only Mr. Lamont's generosity enabled the magazine to continue.

During the first fifteen years Amy Loveman assigned most of the books for review, wrote reviews of her own, handled a regular department in the magazine called THE CLEARING HOUSE, in which she answered requests from readers for out-of-the-way information, edited copy, pinned up the dummy, read page proofs, and put the magazine to bed at the printer's. She answered most of the office mail, made sure that Henry Canby, Bill Benét, and Christopher Morley ate their lunches on time, kept the publishers and authors happy by going to their parties, and supplied that most valuable of all functions in a magazine office—finding the lost manuscripts of anguished authors who somehow forgot to make a carbon copy.

Once, early one evening, Christopher Morley cried out in horror that a valuable photograph had suddenly disappeared from his desk. He had borrowed it from an English publisher and had promised to return it within two weeks. The problem was promptly turned over to Miss Loveman, who made the usual search, then expressed her hunch that the photograph had slid off the desk into the wastepaper basket, which had been emptied an hour earlier by the cleaning women.

Miss Loveman rushed downstairs and discovered that the dump truck had been gone thirty minutes. She obtained the address of the dump, hurriedly proceeding there by taxicab. For the next two hours she picked her way through a mountain of crumpled paper, cigarette butts, apple cores, remains of box lunches. But in the end she emerged triumphant from the city dump with the missing photograph. When she telephoned the good news to Chris Morley he almost cried for joy.

Years later Miss Loveman and I were on a somewhat similar pilgrimage—this time searching for a book manuscript in a warehouse where *The Saturday Review* keeps its old files. For almost three years we had been bombarded by an author with requests to return to him a manuscript which he claimed was worth at least $50,000. Now he was instituting suit. With only a month before the case would go to court we spent a week-end looking through the office, then decided we would have to go through the countless thousands of old papers in storage at the warehouse.

It was winter and the warehouse was unheated. I begged Amy not to come. She would have none of it, reminding me that in twenty-five years at *The Saturday Review* she had never been ill a single day. Like my predecessors, I had learned to respect her power of decision. We made a pretty sight that afternoon, climbing over mounds of files and papers at the warehouse. We didn't find the manuscript but we had a wonderful time.

Three weeks later—ten days before the trial—*The Saturday Review* moved to larger quarters and the missing manuscript fell out from behind a desk. The lawsuit for $50,000 against *The Saturday Review* was dropped. We were pleased, but the author didn't seem as elated as you might expect after an only copy he valued so highly had suddenly reappeared.

AT THE time I joined *The Saturday Review* late in 1939 Mr. Lamont's backing had long since ceased. We needed enlarged public support. Related to this was the fact that a war had just begun in Europe and there was no point in talking about literary values unless we had a world in which the life of the free mind was possible. This meant new connections with the big issues of the times.

The founding editors couldn't have been more magnificent in their concurrence and support. Mr. Canby, who had left the editorship several years earlier, agreed to come back as chairman of the new editorial board. Harrison Smith, President, who was responsible for my coming to SRL, provided unequivocal backing. Bill Benét asked only to be put to work.

But nothing was more inspiring than the kind of help and support and devotion a green young editor got from Miss Loveman. No magazine is really edited during office hours. The work actually begins after the telephone stops. Night after night Amy Loveman would work with me on the magazine, reading proofs, dummying the pages, encouraging me in the new concepts that were being developed in *SRL*. Indeed, she was far ahead of me, almost prodding me at times to strike out in new directions. She agreed completely with the need to make books a part of the world of ideas and issues. Whenever a publisher would complain that we were abandoning the classical position of critical detachment she would ask for the privilege of reply.

"America's age of innocence is gone," she wrote in an editorial. "The mood of the nation has changed from assurance to anxiety, at times even to fear . . . But at least knowledge has come that only by the abandonment of its vaunted isolation, only by accepting responsibility in the councils of the nations, can America realize its ineradicable faith in a world in which freedom and peace are the portion of all. In that faith it links today to yesterday."

Amy Loveman lived to see the journal in which she had invested so much of her life become solidly self-supporting. In the hospital, two days before she died, she inquired about the size of the print order. I told her it was 192,000. Her voice was weak but she repeated the number slowly, then said that this was really only the beginning, and asked about plans for future growth.

It was this forward-looking quality that attracted to her so many young people. They were around her constantly, confiding in her, seeking infusions of courage for their hopes and new enterprises. Children couldn't get enough of her. She had never forgotten the brightly colored contours of a child's world; and she loved to journey through it whenever she could.

Equally remarkable was her ability to effect rapport with people regardless of age or their rung on the social or cultural ladder. Several years ago she got into conversation with a taxicab driver who, after inquiring about her occupation, revealed that his main interest in life was poetry, and that he wrote verse whenever he wasn't actually driving. There was a spirited conversation about techniques in poetical expression. When Miss Loveman arrived at her home the driver said

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Royalty and Riddles of Olympus

"The Greek Myths," by Robert Graves *(Penguin Books. 2 vols. 782 pp. Clothbound, $6.50. Paperbound, $1.90), is a monumental encyclopedia of Hellenic mythology, the work of a distinguished British poet and novelist.*

By Basil Davenport

ONE OF Browning's minor poems, which has always especially appealed to me, is called "Development." It begins:

My father was a scholar and knew Greek.
When I was five years old, I asked him once,
"What do you read about?" "The siege of Troy."
"What is a siege, and what is Troy?" Whereat
He piled up chairs and tables for a town . . .

and gave little Robert a five-year-old's idea of it. The poem goes on to tell how he learned to love the story in Pope's translation, in Homer's Greek, suffered sadly when Homer was torn apart by the German critics (it is a pity he could not have lived to see the counterattack rallied), and yet felt that his life was the richer because his father had let him "dream his nonage out" believing in Homer. It might be the story of the relations of many of us with the Greek myths. If we are lucky we meet them first in childhood as fairy tales, stories of dragons and golden apples and flying horses and lovers that turn into flowers and birds. Later they lead us out of fairyland and introduce us to "gorgeous tragedy." Later still we learn to see some of them as projections of the deepest places in the human soul.

Robert Graves has written what must stand as a monumental encyclopedia of the Greek myths. His material covers everything from the creation-myths down through the stories of the gods to the the tales of Troy and Thebes and all the legends of the heroes, and reaches out to include casual monstrosities like the Empusa, which Xanthias used to pull Dionysius's cothurned leg in "The Frogs." His sources range from Homer and Hesiod down to Benoit's "Roman de Troie" (for Cressida) and include such recondite works as the "Proverbs" of Zenobius and the "Papyri Magici Graeci." Parenthetically, it might be objected that he gives no indication which sources he regards as weightier than others; but every statement is scrupulously documented, and the reader ought to be able to make his own distinctions between Homer and Benoit. He has traced down, it would appear, every reference to a myth in ancient literature, reduced them to narrative, and grouped them together, placing variants side by side and following a single thread of story as long as he can. And yet, to show how impossible completeness is for mortals, his only mention of Hermaphroditus is a single sentence based on Diodorus Siculus saying that he was androgynous from birth: there is no word of the circumstantial story in Ovid of how he came to be so only on being embraced by the nymph Salmacis.

A word should be said about the form. The book is written in short chapters, from half a page to a few pages in length, giving first a myth, then Mr. Graves's explanation of its origin and then his authorities. The writing is usually concise and factual. Every now and then, however, the charm of Ovid or the Homeric Hymns is too much for Mr. Graves, and he quotes a dialogue at some length. As will be seen, the treatment makes this a reference book or something close to it. But it is one of three reference books (the other two are Fowler's "Modern English Usage" and Earle Walbridge's "Literary Characters Drawn from Life") that I read straight through from beginning to end for pleasure—in this case, before I knew that I was to review it.

Not the least fascinating part of the book is Mr. Graves's theory of the origins of his stories. He explains all the major myths and most of the minor ones as reflecting the overthrow of the matriarchal society and the great mother-goddess of the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece by the patriarchal Hellenic invaders and their pantheon headed by Zeus. This theory is far-reaching and self-consistent, is supported with such a dazzling wealth of ingenuity and enthusiasm, with such overwhelming knowledge not only of the Greeks, but of half a dozen other religions, myths, and cultures, that it would be presumptuous for anyone but a professional anthropologist to criticize it at large.

A LAYMAN may perhaps be allowed to express doubts of some of Mr. Graves's methods. He makes great use of the etymology of names to suggest their bearers' original character. It is very much to be regretted that he gives neither the Greek words from which he believes these names to be derived nor in some cases alternative theories with which he must be familiar. Liddell and Scott bear him out that Pallas is probably an old word for "virgin," and Uranian Aphrodite may come from a dialect form of a word for "mountain," but surely we should be told that Pallas may mean "brandisher," and that Plato believed that Uranian meant "heavenly." Mr. Graves also depends a great deal on what he calls iconotropy, the misinterpretation of pictures; thus he says of the myth of Narcissus that it accounts for the narcotic properties of narcissus oil, and "may be deduced from an icon which showed the despairing Alcmaeon or Orestes, lying crowned with lilies, beside a pool in which he has vainly tried to purify himself." This supplying of hypothetical pictures to be misinterpreted seems dangerously shaky ground.

But these are minor cavils. The work as a whole is valuable and intensely stimulating. One comes to the end of the vast pageant with renewed admiration of the mind of the Greeks, which out of such barbaric material and in so short a period of historic time could form myths of such depth and value—which starting with the narcotic properties of oil of narcissus and a picture of somebody else (if that was indeed the starting-point) could end with a myth of such universal significance as that of Narcissus. They have given us the figures that, more than any others, stand in our minds for the glory of the sun and moon; for the power of love, both the *ewig' Weibliche*, that draws us up and down, and the irresponsible mischief-maker; for the majesty, sometimes apparently capricious but always awesome, that rules the universe; for the eternal death and rebirth, sacrifice and resurrection of the year.

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—By Fritz Eichenberg, for "Crime and Punishment" (The Heritage Press).

". . . wonderful dramatizations of universal problems of good and evil."

A Seasoning of Wit

"Selected Criticism," by Louise Bogan *(Noonday Press. 404 pp. $5), is a collection of seventy essays about literary subjects written over the last quarter of a century.*

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

WHEN one has read through Louise Bogan's "Selected Criticism," seventy essays written over a period of twenty-five years and ranging through the whole of the contemporary literary terrain, with an occasional salute to the past (as in the case of Goethe's 200th birthday celebration), one feels this author possessed not so much of a point of view as a point of vantage—at the living center of the culture she has inherited and cherished and to which she has contributed. Secure, here, she has exposed her own sensibility to the sensibility of each personality under consideration, and this juxtaposition must have yielded rewards to Miss Bogan as it does to her readers.

Throughout—but especially with the major figures—one feels that the urge of the female Eros toward relatedness has not been hampered, and therefore the reading which preceded these writings comes through as a shared experience and not as a professional chore. Miss Bogan is a mistress of concision and the salience she can pack into a page and a half speaks for discipline as well as taste. One editorial device is as praiseworthy as it is practical: this is the device of grouping critiques of one author, written at different periods, into what amounts to a condensed and multifaceted summation of his or her chief qualities. Would this device had been used consistently instead of only occasionally. As it is, the collected papers on Eliot, Hopkins, Rilke, James, and Edith Sitwell, to name a few, are excellent, all the more for the moral as well as the technical standpoint implied.

The analogies to painting and particularly to music are apt and enriching. How right Miss Bogan is about the hazards of translation and the interpretative role that the musical settings by Schubert and Hugo Wolf play in respect to Goethe's poems. While this reviewer does not see eye to eye with Miss Bogan at all points —for instance, the relative importance of Robert Frost and R. M. Rilke, whom Miss Bogan does not, however, compare—there is assent in the main to the judgments here so sensitively set forth.

Of Miss Bogan's wit it has been spoken; I would liken it less to a sword thrust (not an endearing feminine exercise) but rather to a seasoning. Reversing the common saying: she has taken it in and she can dish it out. The flavor is sweet and pungent.

Great Man's Secrets

"Three Loves of Dostoevsky," by Marc Slonim *(Rinehart. 300 pp. $4), is an attempt to unravel the mystery surrounding the great Russian novelist's sex life. It is reviewed below by Ernest J. Simmons, of Columbia University's Russian Institute.*

By Ernest J. Simmons

THE old saying that the personal lives of great writers rarely match their artistic achievements was never so true as in the case of Dostoevsky. His rather mundane existence seems quite divorced from the wonderful dramatizations of universal problems of good and evil in his fiction and the spiritual incandescence of the extraordinary saints and sinners he created. For after the youthful political "indiscretion" that resulted in four years of imprisonment the remainder of his life was a long struggle to overcome often petty material misfortunes which ended in a kind of bourgeois contentment of happy marriage crowned, just before his death, by the public success of his famous speech at the Pushkin celebration. Perhaps it is this surface mediocrity of his existence which has prompted some students to seek an explanation of his genius in the inner spiritual, intellectual, emotional, or psychological recesses of his nature.

In this endeavor Marc Slonim has concentrated in his new book on one of the most difficult of all the dark and puzzling aspects of Dostoevsky's existence—his sex life. It is particularly difficult not only because an individual's sex life is ordinarily an evasive thing manifested in hidden and mysterious ways, despite the self-assurance of modern theorists on the subject, but also because in Dostoevsky's case there is a paucity of evidence and of this some is plainly distorted or just gossip or hearsay. In general there are two kinds of evidence. One is directly biographical and consists in the main of the correspondence of Dostoevsky, the women he loved, and a few friends; the recollections of his second wife and his daughter Lyubov, whose writings on her father are often untrustworthy; the first biography of Dostoevsky by his friend Strakhov, whose strange relations with the novelist have never been fully investigated; and a few comments by contemporaries. In all this material there is very little that deals with Dostoevsky's sex life. The other type of evidence, of course, is

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Dostoevsky's own fiction. Unlike Leo Tolstoy, who was incredibly frank about his sexual experiences in the many volumes of his diary, the introspective Dostoevsky was secretive about such matters. No diaries of Dostoevsky have come down to us, and of the few letters to his second wife about their intimate relations Mr. Slonim informs us that "modesty, to the regret of biographers, compelled her to cross out the licentious words and phrases in his letters, which she preserved for posterity. But this was because she considered it indecent to let outsiders peer into the mysteries of the bedchamber; in the bedchamber itself," Mr. Slonim asserts, "everything was permitted."

MR. SLONIM is aware of the poverty and difficulties of the evidence, but he uses it in "Three Loves of Dostoevsky" to support a thesis that the novelist was a voluptuary and guilty of a hypersexuality that manifested itself in the extremes of masochistic-sadistic delights which he forced on the women he loved. Throughout much of the book he seeks confirmation of this thesis in the masochistic-sadistic feelings and actions of some of the great characters in Dostoevsky's novels, although at the end of his study he seems to pull down this whole scaffolding of proof by reaching the contradictory conclusion: "But it is best simply to allow for that duality without falling into the errors usual in the interpretation of [Dostoevsky's] history, and without taking imaginary incidents for actual ones." In reality, Russian nineteenth-century fiction, until the coming of Gorky, is rather Victorian in its treatment of sex and love. There are no great love scenes in the contemporary sense in Dostoevsky's novels; there are love situations, which are not outwardly described or fingered but invariably expressed in all their psychological and symbolic significance.

In love Dostoevsky was no Russian Casanova piling up affairs of the heart with gay abandon. On the basis of the facts Mr. Slonim is able to single out only three real loves: his first wife and after her death his wretched affair with a twenty-year-old girl, Apollinaria Suslova, and finally his second wife. In terms of his supposed hypersexuality an effort is made to extend this beadroll by alleging affairs with many women of light virtue. But the evidence is extremely thin; the vague references in one or two of his letters may be just as easily explained as the false bravado of a shy and timid man who wished to claim credit for more than he dared to perform.

Mr. Slonim boldly tackles the sinister allegation that Dostoevsky had a perverted fondness for young girls and may have committed the terrible sin of violating a child. Although he does appear to believe that the novelist was the victim of an infantile obsession (the fact that his first wife was only four or five years younger than he was is overlooked in this argument) Mr. Slonim comes to the sensible conclusion that the available evidence fails to prove the charge. Apart from the positive assertion of Strakhov, which was hotly denied by others who knew Dostoevsky well, the burden of proof rests on several references and scenes in the novels concerning the violation of children, especially the famous deleted chapter in "The Possessed," which describes with such horrifying realism Stavrogin's rape of a little girl. However, Mr. Slonim wisely suggests that this evidence drawn from the novels probably proves nothing other than a profound fixation on this theme in Dostoevsky's consciousness which inevitably found expression in his creative works.

The most telling evidence of the perverted hypersexuality of Dostoevsky is to be found in a few of the letters which he wrote to his second wife several years after their marriage, though this, in all fairness, ought to be weighed against much evidence to the contrary. However, if one insists on a psychological interpretation of these letters, which contain passionate expressions of love and barely veiled allusions to unusual sexual acts, one may reach a conclusion quite different from that yielded by Mr. Slonim's interpretation. Dostoevsky, then in his late fifties, was writing to a wife twenty-five years younger than himself, a woman whom he deeply loved, who responded to his affection in equal measure, and in whom he had at last found complete solace after long years of unhappiness and tormenting doubts. Accordingly, an old husband writing to a young wife, of whom he was insanely jealous, would naturally dwell passionately and in an exaggerated manner upon their sexual intimacy as the vital link in their union.

Mr. Slonim's book, however one may differ with his evaluation of the evidence at his disposal, is an interesting and provocative study. Apart from his special theme his analysis illumines certain events in Dostoevsky's personal history which will be of value to all subsequent biographers.

Needy Dilettante

"Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846," by Gordon N. Ray *(McGraw-Hill. 537 pp. $7), is the first volume of a full biography of the great Victorian novelist, carrying the story through his journalistic years to the publication of "Vanity Fair." It is reviewed below by William Irvine, author of "Apes, Angels, and Victorians."*

By William Irvine

GORDON N. RAY, who has already published a monograph on William Makepeace Thackeray's sources and a classical edition of his "Letters and Private Papers," has at last published the first volume of his long-awaited biography. Offered with the authorization of the Thackeray family itself, "Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity, 1811-1846," as it is called, is drawn from several hundred yet unpublished letters, a great body of private documents and manuscripts to illustrate Thackeray's private life and the earlier history of his family, and a wide reading in nineteenth-century literature to describe the schools he attended, the professions he pursued, the friendships he was influenced by, and the social conditions he evaluated. The book—as we might expect—is remarkably thorough and well documented; it is also an interesting and skilfully ordered narrative. Professor Ray conveys the reader with surprising ease and considerable suspense through the labyrinth of Thackeray's earlier journalistic connections and across the oceans of his youthful, more ephemeral writings. The volume comes fittingly to a climax with the publication of "Vanity Fair."

Becky Sharpe thought that she could be a good woman if she had five thousand a year. If Thackeray had had five thousand a year he would probably never have troubled to write "Vanity Fair." His career, one suspects, would have resembled that of his friend Fitzgerald—a long and cultivated dilettantism, with a year or two of intensive labor eventuating in a minor masterpiece. As Professor Ray's subtitle (from "As You Like It") implies, Thackeray needed adversity to bring him out. Fortunately—or rather unfortunately—he had a genius for making mistakes (his marriage to Isabella Shawe was the most tragic), and his education perfected that genius. The vicious

(*Continued on page* 29)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Mismatched

WHEN Thornton Wilder's adaptation of a nineteenth-century German farce opened in 1938 under the title "The Merchant of Yonkers" it received some mildly favorable notices and some furious damns. One leading critic said, "Never to my knowledge have two brief and supposedly merry hours stretched themselves out into such an eternity," and went on to call Mr. Wilder "an intellectual who has lost his way on a slumming expedition in the giddy realm of farce." The play starring Jane Cowl and directed by Max Reinhardt closed after only twenty-eight performances. Last year Mr. Wilder brushed up his tale of a miser overpowered into marriage and renamed it **"The Matchmaker."** Through the efforts of director Tyrone Guthrie and actress Ruth Gordon the play became a *tour de force* and overpowered London audiences for an entire season. However, for some of us "The Matchmaker" has merely camouflaged tedium with noise.

If memory serves, the new American version of "The Matchmaker" has undergone further revisions. Some of these seem to bring the play back nearer to the original, and others soften its tone. For instance, the sharp line "Marriage is a bribe to make a housekeeper think she's a householder" has been de-epigramized to "in order to run a house well a woman must think she owns it, and marriage is a bribe to *make* a woman think she owns it." There is now also a poetic touch about a crumbled oak leaf falling out of a Bible that makes it clear to Mrs. Levi that she should marry Mr. Vandergelder.

It is significant that both these examples are drawn from soliloquies in which the main characters step out of the play to address the audience directly. For only in these oases are we treated to Mr. Wilder's personal humor and his practical-minded convictions about such eternal subjects as marriage, poverty, the distribution of wealth, and the absurdity and indignity of the employer-employe relationship. Yet except for these extraneous moments, which are not integrated into the rest of the play, "The Matchmaker" remains merely an excuse to see one of America's greatest comic actresses blast her way through a pretentiously inadequate series of scenes.

In the role of Mrs. Levi, Ruth Gordon appears as a red-headed, white-faced, white-gloved clown. This impression is reinforced by her overly made-up mouth, which she contorts in every imaginable way as she wags about with almost complete disrespect for any realities in the story or for the other characters. When the laughs can't come naturally Miss Gordon vomits her lines as if this sudden calling up of spastic energy might distract us from the realization that what she's saying isn't very funny or original. While we resent this deliberate violation of our sensibilities, we must admit that it works to some extent. Furthermore, Miss Gordon is truly amusing when she tells Mr. Vandergelder, "You go your way" (pointing in one direction) "and I'll go mine" (pointing in the *same* direction). And here on Broadway she manages (as she did not in London) to touch us in her final scene.

Other fine actors in the cast contribute a certain personal charm to the otherwise embarrassingly inept action. Eileen Herlie caresses the part of Mrs. Molloy with an inner ecstasy for the wonder of life. Arthur Hill is unaffectedly naive as a timorously adventurous clerk. And Loring Smith brings a winking infectious pleasure to the role of skinflint Horace Vandergelder. Philip Leeds makes the bit part of a grinning gipsy accordionist a satire on all restaurants where one pays for *Mitteleuropean* charm.

The always audacious Tyrone Guthrie has encouraged the utmost broadness in the playing of this farce. Whether it is having two actors step out of character but into the prevailing spirit of free fun by clapping hands as they race past each other, or folding a wildly gesticulating man up in a screen, Mr. Guthrie keeps the voltage high in this low-wattage show. Tanya Moiseiwitsch's sets and costumes echo the quaintness of 1880 New York, and one won't soon forget the ridiculous arachnoid cape she has designed for Mrs. Levi in a predatory mood. It is indeed lamentable that so much genius has been wasted in an effort to resuscitate such an anemic trifle. Mediocrity for the mediocre. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Homage à Pagnol

PERHAPS there ought to be a society formed to honor Marcel Pagnol (a member of the Academie Française in his own country). For nearly twenty-five years this Frenchman has regarded the cinema as a highly legitimate form and has given us movies of warmth, dignity, depth, humor, and extraordinary charm. I must admit that this thought occurred to me lately, after seeing his new movie, based on three Alfonse Daudet stories, called **"Letters from My Windmill."** Others have flashier abilities to offer. But Pagnol blandly seems to ignore opportunities for angled camera shots, doesn't bother with laboratory and cutting-room tricks, seems to regard plain black-and-white photography as quite good enough, goes in for no ponderous set constructions or any of the dazzle and glitter used, most of the time, to fill up vacuums. Pagnol instead gives us memorable people, for his special genius lies in characterization.

Two of the three Daudet stories in this latest Pagnol bag are as diverting as anything else he has done—which is saying a great deal. The third and shortest of the episodes finds Pagnol singing too fulsome a song to the people of Provence, and we can let that one go quickly. But "The Three Low Masses" is Pagnol in excellent form. It tells of a trick played by the devil on a village priest, who is prey to the sin of gluttony. His sin indeed turns out to be deadly, and it's quite fitting that the devil, in his case, should have the last laugh, but not before the audience has had a good many.

"The Elixir of Father Gaucher" is Pagnol in absolute top form, filled with perfectly rounded gems of acting, of revelations of character conceived with delicacy and skill, sometimes with no more than the fleeting expression of an actor, sometimes with a chiseled line of dialogue. The tale is about how a monastery managed to rise from poverty to the more prosperous position needed for it to do the good works it has its collective heart set on. The secret lies in the formula for a liqueur left the monastery, and particularly lowly Brother Gaucher, by his reprobate aunt of eighty, who in the midst of extreme unction sat up in bed and sang some bawdy songs. Rellys is a fitting replacement for the late Raimu in the role of Brother Gaucher, who as chief distiller of the potent liqueur must battle with the devil every evening. The abbott is played with equal skill by Robert Vattier. There was nothing for me to do after I left the theatre but to go out and buy a bottle of Benedictine. Seemed necessary somehow.

* * *

England has sent us a movie of distinction in **"The Prisoner,"** with two notable actors, Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins, facing each other in a deadly duel of souls. For a picture conceived in virtually abstract terms—the man of the State (the collective State) versus the man of God (the collective God)—it manages to be highly striking and certainly thought-provoking. However, because of its very intellectuality—a not unrefreshing quality to have in a motion picture—there is little chance to respond in emotional terms to the material.

The screenplay was developed by Bridget Boland from her play of the same title, which ran in London and was also a vehicle for Alec Guinness. The framework of the story is perfectly simple: a cardinal in an Iron Curtain country is accused of crimes against the State, and an interrogator for the People has the task of making the cardinal confess these crimes. But it is within the framework that the story becomes exceedingly subtle. "Regard me as your doctor," Jack Hawkins tells the cardinal. And for long months Guinness, as the cardinal, undergoes this psychological torture until at last the almost inexplicable occurs. He confesses in open court to monstrous crimes of treason.

We are asked to believe that the cardinal's essential humility (which springs from his conception of himself as the spawn of sin and evil) is the chink in his armor that the interrogator at last finds. The mask of anguish that Guinness presents to us is telling and brilliant. Hawkins is sensitive, almost effeminate, as the prober of a soul. In spite of these fine acting jobs, it is the story itself that fails us. It doesn't account for enough. One believes more in the hypnotic effects of the light that blazes constantly on the cardinal, the cunning destruction of his time sense, the physical weakening, the fears that prey upon him, rather than in the clever psychological explanation. But if the movie does not touch us deeply, it disturbs nevertheless.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Five-Star "Tosca," Boston Premieres, Etc.

CAN "STAR" opera also be ensemble opera? That quesion ranks with "How old is Anne" among perennial brain-teasers, but it is having one of its rare affirmative answers in the Metropolitan's current "Tosca." Those who doubt the possibility should run not walk to the Met while Richard Tucker, Renata Tebaldi, and Leonard Warren are responding to the authority of Dimitri Mitropoulos's conducting, pursuing the logical plan of Dino Yannopoulos's stage direction, and enjoying the spacious, cleanly designed scenery "salvaged" by Frederick Fox from the Salla-Novak originals dating back thirty years.

Actually, I doubt that much more has remained in this "revised production" than the same old knife with which Tosca stabs Scarpia, but Fox has achieved some of the solid look of his "Andrea Chenier" on a much scantier budget. If the board of directors is content with the result and is not prone to ask probing questions, I'd say that Rudolf Bing has rarely achieved so much with so little.

Tucker and Tebaldi had sung their roles here previously, but in the general reworking of a score that goes with the appearance of a new conductor they each exceeded their previous best by a substantial margin. Tucker is floating some beautifully resonant sound this season, and Tebaldi's richness and fervor of voice were subtly shaded in accord with Mitropoulos's well-shaped direction of the orchestral score. A little more abandon might have been developed at a climax or two, but complaints for accomplishment on this level would have to be called captious.

Few would have believed from Warren's vocal solidity and dramatic competence that this was his first Scarpia. Serious artist that he now is, he already had a tight grip on virtually every vocal problem (some *parlandos* in the interchanges of Act II were slightly muffled) built on a ground plan of an interesting characterization (revolving around his ogling of Tosca at every convenient and some inconvenient moments through a lorgnette). A good physique for the role, a becoming makeup and wig plus finely tailored costumes (the red clocks on the black stockings were a mite gay for the fearsome police chief) all add to a feeling that something so well begun can be elaborated into one of his best parts. Having worked his way through a galaxy of Verdian roles from Amonasro to Iago, Warren brings to the most Verdian of Puccini's creations a vocal displacement not sunk by its tonal tonnage, a poise, in the face of substantial orchestral outbursts, uncommon among new Scarpias.

Tebaldi seemed more at ease as a Metropolitan Tosca than she had been last spring, and did some of the best vocal work in her local career to date. "Vissi d'arte" was a notable vocal highlight, and she had ample range of mood to deal with the coquetry of Act I as well. Her costumes were also an improvement and she sustained a well-bred contempt for Scarpia that marked him for the morgue from the moment she snatched her hand away from his at their parting in Act I. In a sequence of post-Jeritza Toscas that have offered some strong and weak points by Albanese, Rigal, Welitch, Resnik, Tasinari, Grace Moore, Kirsten, Lehmann, and sundry others, Tebaldi is by far the most rounded.

This was a limited, not an all-out new production, so the Yannapoulos direction had to deal with minimum rather than maximum objectives. Some of the comings and goings through the numerous doors and windows of the new set were a little contrived, and the "Te Deum" at the end of Act I was rather disorderly, but he managed the tricky business of Act II in a spirit of melodrama, not burlesque. When you have done that you have given Puccini as much as he needs to make his music convincing.

CHARLES MUNCH and the Boston Symphony provided New York with one of the most satisfying visits of their mellowing partnership recently. Two premieres of works by Walter Piston (Symphony No. 6) and Goffredo Petrassi (Concerto No. 5) written for the orchestra's seventy-fifth anniversary, plus spirited performances of standard works by Mozart, Brahms, Schumann, and Mendelssohn stirred a feeling that the provocative and productive days of Serge Koussevitzky may be returning in a suitably altered way.

The Petrassi concerto, at the Saturday matinee, propounded no simple problem in juxtaposing two movements with several tempo changes and numerous unusual structural features. But this is a composer with a mind, whose two six-note themes may or may not add to a twelve-tone scheme, but whose two-movement work has many elements of individuality. Outstanding is his sense of orchestral timbre, which can range from penetrating but non-blatant brass chords to a concord of solo cymbal, harp, French and English horn elements.

What seems at the moment lacking is thematic matter of personal design, but closer acquaintance may resolve that doubt in his favor. He has a questing spirit where form is concerned, and he can move from a meditative mood to an aggressive one and back again without losing listener attention. If there are occasional effects clearly derived (Better late Stravinsky than never?) the totality is unmistakably his own.

The Piston work, neater and less challenging, begins so well that it is a pity, perhaps, that it did not remain in the "unfinished" category. The first movement has a sense of progression and a nice solution (in a *decrescendo* vein) of the climax problem. The following *scherzo* had its own immediate reward in the ready applause of the audience for its fleetness of foot and surety of hand. However, slow movements are not Piston's strength and this is a rather diffuse one, the finale rather undistinguished.

In addition to directing the new works with an unmistakable flair, Munch gave admirable sequence to the "Tragic" overture of Brahms and a fine flow of sonorous design to the beautiful "Sinfonia Concertante" in E flat (K. 297b) of Mozart in which the solo parts were played by Ralph Gomberg (oboe), Gino Cioffi (clarinet), James Stagliano (horn), and Sherman Walt (bassoon) in truly artistic manner. Munch's sensitively chosen tempi, his acute sense of balance made the work less an occasion for solo display than a community effort in which all sections of the orchestra participated. It is always welcome news when an important segment of our artistic life takes on new vitality under qualified leadership. This would seem the case now with the Boston Symphony and its able director.

LOIS MARSHALL, the young Canadian soprano who has done some impressive singing (especially in the Toscanini "Missa Solemnis" of 1953), since her debut a few years ago, added to that record with her recital lately in Town Hall. She offered a formidable program, ranging from Mozart's "Exultate jubilate" to "In questa Reggia" from "Turandot," with four Mahler songs on one bypath and Debussy's "Fêtes Galantes" on another, managing much of it with a

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good deal of facility and musicianship.

Finished interpreters of such matters are hardly formed in their twenties, but Miss Marshall showed a sufficient aptitude for recital singing, enough ability in making a graceful transition from one mood to another to suggest she has a future in this field. Of particular interest was the vocal quality itself, warmer and not nearly so hard-driven as it had been in the "Missa." Her German enunciation in the Mahler was admirable, her feeling for the Schubert line in "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" (David Glazer was the clarinetist) also well-schooled. Her pianist was Weldon Kilburn, who has given her much in vocal guidance and doubtless contributes much to her confidence in recital. Artistically, however, she requires a pianist who will set a higher standard than her own. That is not now the case.

—Irving Kolodin.

* * *

Louisville, Kentucky.

THE PRESENTATION by the Louisville Symphony of Rolf Liebermann's one-act opera "The School for Wives" early in December earned credit for the Louisville Orchestra Commissioning Project, which brought it into being, for one of the most important additions to the operatic repertoire in recent years. The occasion was a triumph for the composer and for the conductor and stage director, Moritz Bomhard.

The librettist, Heinrich Storbel, has retained the framework of Molière's comedy "L'Ecole des Femmes," adding several touches of his own. Both he and the English adaptor, Elisabeth Montagu, have captured the spirit of Molière to perfection. And Liebermann, hitherto a twelve-tone composer, has quite fittingly employed an outspokenly tonal style that does not shun major and minor triads.

The score is marked by a lucidity of form and texture that are entirely in keeping with the subject matter. The orchestration (for a relatively small orchestra) is masterful, allowing the voices to be heard at all times, and the vocal writing is effective. The singers have melodies of great charm and others of real beauty. There is no obscurism and no constructivism in this work. There is only music. It is small wonder, then, that the Louisville audience gave this new work and its composer an ovation.

The performance was worthy of the work itself. The Louisville Symphony Orchestra and the singers (all of them local) gave their best—and it was very good indeed. Audrey Nossaman (Agnes), William Pickett (Arnolphe), Monas Harlan (Horace), and Robert Fischer (Poquelin) were outstanding. But the chief credit goes to Moritz Bomhard. As conductor he was superb, creating a sense of continuity and molding an over-all melodic line that never once sagged; and as stage director he worked the miracle of creating the authentic atmosphere of Molière with a cast that had never seen a play of Molière's on the stage.

—Everett H. Helm.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
SIX-GUN AND SILVER STAR *Glenn Shirley* (U. of N. M. Press, $4.50)	War on Okla. outlaws, 1889-1907 (from Sooners to statehood) produced effective law enforcement; last of the bad boys *obit* 1924—in Missouri.	Fine combination of scholarship and excitement by real cop; meet Scarface Joe, Tulsa Jack, Red Buck, Undertaker Appolis, and the Daltons.	Bullseye.
THE BOOK OF POISONS *Gustav Schenk* (Rinehart: $5)	German expert explores lethal cosmos (animal, vegetable, mineral), natural and homemade. (Michael Bullock, Trans.).	Accent on history, properties, effects, but some attention is paid to criminal uses.	Solid.
THE SCREAMING RABBIT *Harry Carmichael* (S&S: $2.75)	British lady novelist's creative thrust jarred by murders; Insurance Eye John Piper hinders good cops.	Much intramural dialogue between extremely unpleasant people; writing nice, pace spotty, love present.	For leisurely readers.
STAB IN THE DARK *Joe Rayter* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Yank bride desolate as groom vanishes in Guadalajara; corpse develops; Mexican police are *muy* sympathetic.	Much self-communing and flashbacking in this panel job; personnel unconvincing, pace spotty.	Uneven.
DARK ENCOUNTER *By Cathleen Schurr* (Rinehart, $2.75)	Photography big factor in killing in US industrial center; lady librarian is involved.	Pace jerky in this celluloid fantasy; some screwballs present in large cast.	She'll better this.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 25

snobbism of Regency society, the sterile brutality of Charterhouse, the arid artificiality of the Cambridge curriculum, the laborious intricacies and irrelevancies of the law turned an eager, sensitive, and imaginative young man into a thoughtless, excitement-loving lounger. A bank failure and a taste for gambling did the rest.

Having cheerfully thrown himself from the frying pan into the fire Thackeray labored in that uncomfortable but illuminating element for many years, produced one clever, perverse pot-boiler after another, grew in mastery and insight by wracking his brain for the next day's copy until, still scribbling desperately for bread, he suddenly found himself—no doubt with astonishment—writing for immortality.

His whole view of life was obsessed by his own bitter, remorseful experience of retrospective wisdom. The two poles of reality were the innocent hearth and the wicked world. To act effectively was to be a rascal. To act in good faith was to pursue an illusion. To think maturely was to brood over one's errors. Thackeray's existence was a long thesis and antithesis of sentimentality and cynicism with a synthesis of stable, comprehensive wisdom that came only very gradually and imperfectly. That synthesis, as Professor Ray very well brings out, was in terms of the idea of the gentleman. Thackeray did not care much for ideas, and he approached this one characteristically in terms of the obverse and the particular. He wrote about rascals before he wrote about snobs, and about snobs before he wrote about gentlemen. Dobbin is his middle-class gentleman, Esmond his aristocrat. Neither is free from Thackeray's temperamental bias; neither is—particularly on the intellectual and spiritual side—a complete man in the old humanistic sense.

Professor Ray's analysis of Thackeray's writings tends to be apology rather than criticism, yet it is thoughtful and illuminating apology. In dealing with "Vanity Fair" he meets most of the usual objections, except perhaps those relating to economy and plot structure. What he says about the social conditions Thackeray satirized and the novelistic fashions he parodied and superseded gives one a fresh sense of the greatness of "Vanity Fair." Altogether Professor Ray's biography is an imposing achievement and should stand as authoritative for many years to come.

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The Summing-up in Books for 1955

Continued from page 12

Margaret Higgins's "Red Plush and Black Bread," or Maxim Litvinov's (maybe) "Notes for a Journal."

Domestic problems, rather than international ones, predominated in the books that dealt with America at mid-century. There was the problem of "Government by Investigation" (the title of a book by Alan Barth), studied and condemned in such works as Telford Taylor's "Grand Inquest," Charles Curtis's "The Oppenheimer Case," and in several typically hard-hitting essays in Bernard DeVoto's final book, "The Easy Chair." There was the problem of integration-*vs.*-segregation, with answers supplied by the late Walter White in "How Far the Promised Land" and Lillian Smith in a prospectus for personal action, "Now Is the Time." There were problems concerned with education: "Why Johnny Can't Read," "The Restoration of Learning," "Academic Freedom in the United States." Of the few books on foreign policy possibilities the outstanding ones were Chester Bowles's generally optimistic "The New Dimensions of Peace" and Elmer Davis's generally pessimistic "Two Minutes to Midnight." Of foreign policies adopted since the war no author could speak more authoritatively than the man who adopted them, former President Harry S. Truman, whose "The Year of Decisions" was the first volume of his extraordinarily well-written memoirs, a work that might well have been called (if Henry Adams hadn't preempted the title) "The Education of an American."

MR. TRUMAN'S book led a fine parade of American biographical and historical works, the largest single delegation of which was made up, as might be expected, of volumes about the Civil War period: Hudson Strode's "Jefferson Davis," Jay Monaghan's "Civil War on the Western Border," Sylvanus Cadwallader's "Three Years with Grant," Ralph Korngold's "Thaddeus Stevens," and the concluding volume of J. G. Randall's biography of Lincoln, "Last Full Measure," completed by Richard N. Current. But not all was Blue or Gray. Statesmen and generals were matched in number by authors and artists: Van Wyck Brooks's "John Sloan," C. M. Mount's "John Singer Sargent," Nathaniel Benchley's life of his humorist father, biographies of Henry and Brooks Adams by Elizabeth Stevenson and A. F. Beringause respectively, the letters of George Santayana, Gay Wilson Allen's life of Walt Whitman, "The Solitary Singer," and Thomas Johnson's interpretive biography of Emily Dickinson (this accompanied by a definitive edition of the Dickinson poems). American biographers also contributed notable studies of British literary figures: Harry Moore's "The Intelligent Heart" (D. H. Lawrence), Gordon Ray's initial volume in the first authorized biography of William Makepeace Thackeray, and John Malcolm Brinnin's personal account of a poet's hectic and heartbreaking final years, "Dylan Thomas in America." (Falling partly into this category would be the South Seas journal of the American Fanny Stevenson, edited by Charles Neider and making its first appearance in print, under the title "Our Samoan Adventure.")

For one Marjorie Morningstar who relinquished her dreams of theatrical fame for pleasant domesticity, the year's books were loaded with accounts of ladies who didn't: Gertrude Lawrence, Mrs. Fiske, Gracie Allen, Mary Pickford, Katharine Cornell, Ethel Merman, Garbo, Ethel Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, and Lola Montez. In fiction the theatre was glorified by Clemence Dane in "The Flower Girls." How long, one wonders, would Marjorie have lasted in that menage?

In poetry the three generations were nobly represented: the elder, with Conrad Aiken's "A Letter to Li Po" and William Carlos Williams's "Journey to Love"; the middle, with the collected poems of Spender, Graves, and Jarrell, and "The Shield of Achilles," by W. H. Auden; and the younger, with new work by Robert Conquest, John Ciardi, and Donald Hall.

As always, many works refused to fit into neat categories. . . . Two best-selling women writers found, and shared, inspiration along the shoreline: Anne Morrow Lindbergh in "Gift from the Sea" and Rachel Carson in "The Edge of the Sea." . . . Eric Hoffman wrote epigrams in "The Passionate State of Mind" and T. H. White rewrote a medieval bestiary. . . . Literary critic Edmund Wilson wrote of "The Dead Sea Scrolls" and drama critic Kenneth Tynan wrote of bullfights in Spain. . . . Cambridge University Press published what may have been a Chaucer "first," but "The Equatorie of the Planetis" will never take the place of "The Wife of Bath's Tale." . . . T. E. Lawrence's long-guarded "The Mint" was published at last. Richard Aldington offered evidence claiming to prove that Lawrence was an impostor, and Calvin Hoffman leveled a similar attack on William Shakespeare. . . . Finally, it was a year in which "Eggs I Have Laid" was closely followed in publication by "Eggs I Have Known."

And that, Johnny, is just a sample of what you've been missing.

Some Literary Lights of 1955: Bernard DeVoto, Harry S. Truman, Charles DeGaulle, Elmer Davis, Jessamyn West, Dylan Thomas, Hudson Strode, Marguerite Higgins, J. G. Randall, Lillian Smith, Conrad Aiken, Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 652

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 652 will be found in the next issue.

KLTLRK SR VFL BHIIEV'A

GSSV EG QSW YEDD, IWV

BLCLCILB EV KEKR'V YSBO

GSB VFL BHIIEV!

B. L. AFHQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 651

The arts may die of triviality, as they were born of enthusiasm.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

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Amy Loveman

Continued from page 22

goodbye, adding it was nice to be able to meet someone in the same line of business. The incident delighted Miss Loveman and she told it often.

Almost everywhere she went she met people who wrote poetry. Invariably they would follow up the meeting by submitting verse for publication in *The Saturday Review*. Miss Loveman had the incredibly difficult job of returning 98 per cent of these submissions, and it is a tribute to her genius in human relationships that her rejection letters never lost her a friend.

She never got tired of reading poetry; indeed, I doubt that there is more than a handful of critics who have had to read more of it—good, bad, and in-between—during the past thirty-five years. With it all, she never wrote a poem in her life. "I wouldn't dare to," she said, "knowing how well supplied the world already is with bad verse."

* * *

I AM still looking through the doorway into her office.

In the top center drawer is a folder containing some correspondence that was turned over to her in June 1942. The correspondence had to do with a surprise party in her honor. Originally the party was not to be larger than fifteen or sixteen persons. We planned to give Miss Loveman a gold medallion for her contribution to literature in particular and cultural values in general. But dozens of letters came in from people asking to share in the tribute. Each letter established the writer's admiration and affection for Miss Loveman. Finally it became necessary to hire a small ballroom at a large hotel.

Miss Loveman knew nothing about the surprise party until she was escorted into the hall.

Tributes at the dinner came from Thomas Lamont, Elmer Davis, John Mason Brown, Harrison Smith, Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, Oswald Garrison Villard, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Simeon Strunsky, Bennett Cerf, and *SRL*'s editor. It was a chance to confess our love in public and we made the most of it. Several days after the dinner we gave her a neat bundle of the letters requesting that we enlarge the dinner—letters reflecting the overflow of genuine affection. She treasured the packet and kept it in her top drawer.

There were other honors. Columbia University gave her the University Medal for Excellence in 1945. Wheaton and Wilson Colleges gave her honorary degrees in literature. In 1946 she received the Constance Lindsay Skinner Achievement Award.

It is doubtful, however, whether anything gave her greater satisfaction than to be able to work with new writers, helping to remove the roadblocks in the way of publication. Her advice was precise, crisp, practical, built on a solid foundation of reasonable explanation. And underlying everything else was an almost epic kindness. This combination of incisiveness and kindness characterized her entire life.

Amy Loveman was less cluttered emotionally than any person I have ever known.

Her horizons were unblurred by petty assertions of a sovereign ego. Her concerns pointed outward, and it carried over to others. I can't recall ever hearing a petty argument in her presence. I can think of many animated conversations in her home or office, but I can't recall a single instance when people did not respond to her presence by liberating themselves from trivia.

Her nobility was a universe: and to know it was to soar inside it. No wonder that so many people came to her; there were peace and purpose in her life and incredible strength, and it gave nourishment to others. The human mind feeds on great expectations, but there must also be great reassurances. These reassurances have to do with the natural goodness of man. Such assurances are forever sought but are not easily come by. The evidence for them cannot be spun out of abstract evidence or persuasion. They exist in living tissue or not at all. Amy Loveman carried this proof; it was visible; it was recognized; it could be shared.

On the right-hand side of her desk are some souvenirs of a trip to Europe last summer. She went with her brother Michael. It was her first visit since the summer of 1914. She was especially eager to see England again, and nothing was more of a lure in England than Jane Austen Country. No

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writer in any language had a greater hold on Miss Loveman's affections than Jane Austen. She was fascinated by Jane Austen's ability to reconstruct a life with such meticulous regard for the anatomy of human emotion. The fact that Jane Austen could engage the attention of the reader without a circus of aberrations or bloodletting or rampant irrationality—this to Miss Loveman was the mark of a real novelist. This ability to make a casual life compelling seemed to Miss Loveman to represent a major challenge in fiction.

A year earlier, in the summer of 1954, it had become necessary for Miss Loveman to undergo surgery in an attempt to arrest the illness that was to cost her life. She had taken with her to the hospital a single book: Jane Austen's "Emma." It was to be her sixth rereading of the classic.

The operation prolonged her life by perhaps a year and a half. Within a few weeks after coming out of the hospital she was back at her desk again—both at *SR* and Book-of-the-Month Club. She was thinner—much thinner than we had ever known her—and her skin had faded. But she proclaimed that she had never felt better and spoke excitedly about her plans to go to Europe with her brother. She saw just as many people and gave no evidence of disability.

The trip to Europe added to her portion in life. There was a sense of fulfilment in her manner when she returned in the fall. But time was running out. She continued to lose weight and took longer to get from one place to another. She amazed her good friend and physician, Dr. William M. Hitzig, by insisting on her ability to continue in her work. And even when taking a few steps required almost superhuman power she insisted that Dr. Hitzig not trouble to visit her at her home; she would go to his office.

"I feel so guilty about taking up Dr. Hitzig's time," she said. "When I look in his waiting room and see people who really need his help I almost feel like apologizing to them. Dr. Hitzig is a miracle man and I'm afraid I'm keeping him from working miracles where they are really needed."

She lived alone but she refused to allow a nurse to stay with her. In this way the weeks passed until one day she telephoned the office to say she felt somewhat tired and would not be coming to work.

Dr. Hitzig, who deeply respected her determination to keep going, did not order her to the hospital until very near the end. She refused ambulance service, insisting on walking to the car. I held her by the arm and felt nothing but frail bone. She seemed to exist on sheer will power.

Then, on the way to the hospital, she asked: "How is Pat? I was so sorry to hear about his illness." Patrick Mahoney is the night elevator man in our office building. "Pat is such a nice man," she said.

She took with her to the hospital her Book-of-the-Month Club reports. "I'm not sure I'm going to be able to get out in time for the meeting of the judges Friday," she said, "but my work is here and it's up to date."

On Friday morning she spoke to Mr. Scherman and gave him all the last-minute information about her Club reports. On Saturday morning the nurses reported she was becoming increasingly weak. But in the afternoon she rallied. She chatted with her three brothers, Herbert, Ernest, and Michael. Ernest and Herbert had brought their wives; Michael is unmarried. After they left, she started to read the galley proofs of a book for the Club. Early in the evening she told Dr. Hitzig she was happy with her nurse and her room and the general hospital care.

Shortly before midnight she fell into a coma. The end came at two a.m. Sunday, December 11, 1955. The memory and wonder of her will endure and it will sustain us. —N. C.

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Thomas Paine

Continued from page 7

been violent and your conduct contumacious. You appear to be a troublemaker not only in politics but in society and religion as well.

PAINE: Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph.

CHAIRMAN: There is one matter that puzzles me, Mr. Paine. We may doubt that you are worthy of a statue anywhere, but certainly Providence, Rhode Island, would seem to be the last place that should commemorate you. In the first place it was founded by a devout and pious man, Roger Williams, and founded as a Christian commonwealth, and you have scandalously attacked Christianity. In the second place we have evidence here that you went out of your way to criticize Rhode Island when she exercised her sovereign right of refusing to ratify the proposal for a 5 per cent impost for the Congress in 1782.

PAINE: I have never yet made, and I hope I never shall make it the least point of consideration whether a thing is popular or unpopular, but whether it is right or wrong. Neither is there any Delegate from the State of Rhode Island who can say that I ever sought from any man any place, office, recompense, or reward on any occasion for myself. I have had the happiness of serving mankind, and the honor of doing it freely.

CHAIRMAN: Your answers are very ingenious, Mr. Paine, but plausible as they are they have very little to do with the subject of this inquiry. I think the evidence that I have brought out here, in this examination, makes it inescapably clear that you are a controversial character. And surely even you will agree, Mr. Paine, that a community like ours is much safer and happier when it is free from all turbulence and controversy?

PAINE: There are some Truths so self-evident and obvious that they ought never to be stated in the form of a question for debate, because it is habituating the mind to think doubtfully of what there ought to be no doubt upon. But you will permit me one final observation. In my own lifetime, as you know, I was tried and imprisoned. But *these* are the times that try men's *souls*.

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The World

Continued from page 19

that the protector might become aggressor in turn? Could Beneš, who permits himself to say that in 1940 he thought the Soviet Union was planning to use its alliance with Nazi Germany in order to "intervene in a mainly, or even exclusively, revolutionary sense at the moment when both sides were too exhausted to defend themselves against a social revolution," really take the treaty's assurance of "non-interference in . . . internal affairs" as a sufficient guarantee? It seems unlikely, but he was willing to go far, even to the point of introducing major socialist innovations at home, to achieve an enduring alliance with the Soviet Union, knowing that his country's ultimate fate depended on the intentions of its eastern neighbor. Stalin revealed these in 1948, and his ruthlessness makes one wonder whether it was in the realm of the possible for Dr. Beneš or any man to have charted a course that would have protected the freedom of Czechoslovakia. There are historical situations when patriotism and intelligence are not enough, and when virtue and success are incompatible.

Jet-Speed Politics

NORTH AFRICAN BACKGROUND: Edmond Stevens, the Rome-based correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor,* knows North Africa at first hand and in depth, from Tangier all the way across the south Mediterranean shelf to Tripoli. In **"North African Powder Keg"** (Coward-McCann, $3.75) he has written a valuable report on that important part of the map. The need for sitting still while writing kept him from returning to the area after a last long visit in early 1955, but he has evidently kept in close touch. His account is as current as a man could make it in the unequal race of rapid events against the sluggish machinery

of presses and binderies. He has brought his story up to the eve of August 20, a fateful day of butchery in Morocco and Algeria.

Stevens's book is nevertheless already far behind the times. The fact is that North Africa has been revolving too fast for any reporter to hang on except in tomorrow's headlines. Only in Algeria is the situation superficially the same as Stevens describes it, although vastly matured in potential. To the east the inner rifts of the independence movement have made ancient history out of the nationalist war on France and now promise a new war strictly among Tunisians. To the west the quick changes are even more incredible: El Glawi of Marrakesh has somersaulted into a prostrate position at the feet of his old enemy, Mohammed V; the French have not only restored a Sultan whom they deposed but are counting on him as their prime guarantor in Morocco; the Sultan, the *medina* terrorists, and even *Istiqlal* are being challenged in their nationalist credentials by the wilder patriotisms of the Riff mountaineers.

None of this is Stevens's fault, obviously. But his book has a weakness which he contributes all on his own. There are usually two sides to every argument, even in North Africa, where utter rejection of an opponent's position, down to the smallest particular, is a first rule of debate. An outside reporter diminishes his usefulness if he gets as red in the face as the principals in his story. Stevens thinks the French have been wrong. This reviewer agrees. But not 99 per cent wrong, which is about the ratio of space which "North African Powder Keg" gives to exposition of the anti-French case.

Stevens's record of France's mistakes is a competent guide to the years of wasted opportunity in North Africa. As such, it helps to explain the recent whirlwind of French reversals. But, because of almost exclusive concern with the sins of the colonizers, it provides little illumination of the self-made snares which lie ahead for the colonized now that they are beginning to be free.

—Hal Lehrman.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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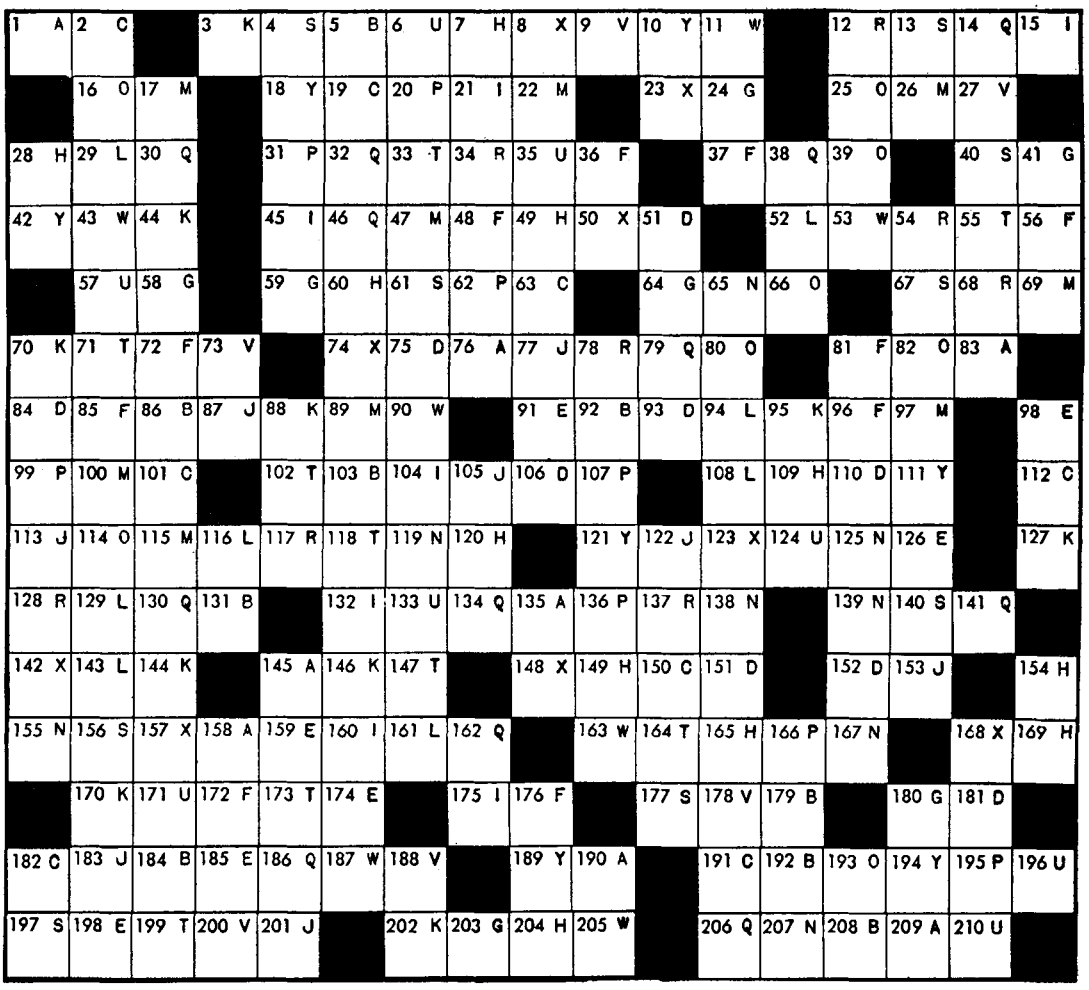
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. God of Babylon identified with Baal of the Old Testament.	158 83 76 190 145 1 135 209
B. Fish-eating duck, expert diver but not very tasty.	179 184 5 208 92 86 131 192 103
C. Nickname applied to Plato, Sophocles, Xenophon, in compliment to their literary style (2 wds.).	150 63 2 19 182 191 112 101
D. Evening performance, movie, concert, theatre (2 wds.).	93 110 51 106 151 152 75 181 84
E. U.S. slang for a ten-dollar bill.	126 185 98 159 198 91 174
F. Incunabula.	37 85 176 81 96 36 72 172 48 56
G. Angel of music of Islam.	203 180 41 64 58 24 59
H. Frequent basis of privilege to subscribe for one unit of a bond issue (as recently by A.T.&T.; 2 wds.).	169 49 165 149 204 154 60 120 109 28 7
I. German-born philanthropist, donor to many colleges and of great stadium where New York holds summer concerts.	160 15 45 104 132 175 21 69
J. A certain short hymn expressing praise of God.	87 153 113 122 183 77 105 201
K. Specially paved paths for pedestrians, of specific usefulness.	3 144 88 44 127 202 146 95 70 170
L. Stupidity.	29 116 52 161 108 143 94 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Unprocessed condition (2 wds.).	100 47 89 97 22 26 17 115
N. A tributary stream.	207 119 139 138 125 155 65 167
O. Bible character whose name is given to a mass of unfused material in a blast furnace.	25 80 193 66 39 16 114 82
P. Familiar way of referring to religious truth (2 wds.).	195 62 99 31 136 20 166 107
Q. Famous Scott character, the half-crazed queen of the gypsies in "Guy Mannering" (full name).	14 134 79 130 46 186 141 32 206 38 30 162
R. Height.	137 54 34 68 12 78 117 128
S. Manifest a readiness to resist (2 wds.).	156 177 140 67 197 13 61 4 40
T. A debt.	199 164 173 102 71 55 118 33 147
U. Venetian priest in Howells' "Foregone Conclusion."	6 133 171 124 35 196 210 57
V. Famous Welsh poet of 14th cent. (preceded by "Dafydd ap").	73 27 178 200 188 9
W. Gifts made as tokens of good luck.	205 53 163 11 43 187 90
X. Age of Princess Margaret at her sister's Coronation (comp.).	74 23 157 50 8 123 148 168 142
Y. Conspirator of ancient Rome, one of Ben Jonson's pet characters.	111 42 121 10 18 194 189



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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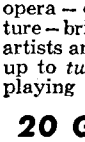

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★ **MONTEVERDI: THE CORONATION OF POPPEA** • Sylvia Gaehwiller, soprano; Marie Helbling, mezzo-soprano; Mabella Ott-Penetto, contralto; Brückner-Rüggeberg, tenor; Franz Kelch, bass; Zurich Tonhalle Orch. and Chorus; Walter Goehr, conductor.

★★ **ROSSINI: THE BARBER OF SEVILLE** • Meyer, mezzo-soprano; Nel Duval, mezzo-soprano; Paul Conrad, tenor; Paolo Gorin, baritone; Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic; Alexander Krannhals, conductor.

★ **TCHAIKOVSKY: THE QUEEN OF SPADES** • Elizaveta Smolenskaya, soprano; Valentina Borisenko, contralto; Georgi Nelepp, tenor; Alexei Ivanov, baritone; Chorus and Orch. Bolshoi Theater; A. Melik-Pasheyev, cond.

★★★ **MOZART: DON GIOVANNI** • Gertrude Grob-Prandl, soprano; Hilde Konetzni, soprano; Hedda Heusser, soprano; Mariano Stabile, baritone; Alois Pernersdorfer, bass; Herbert Handt, tenor; Chorus Vienna State Opera; Vienna Symphony; Hans Swarowsky, conductor.

★★ **VERDI: RIGOLETTO** • Heusser, soprano; Anny De Lorie, contralto; Conrad, tenor; Gorin, baritone; Gee Smith, bass; Chorus; Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Walter Goehr, conductor.

★★ **WEBER: OBERON** • Paula Bauer, soprano; Franz Fehringer, tenor; Robert Titze, baritone; Chorus and Orchestra of the South German Radio; Hans Müller-Kray, conductor.

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★★ **STRAUSS: THE GYPSY BARON** • Graf, soprano; Heusser, soprano; Tüscher, mezzo-soprano; Albert Kunz, tenor; Karl Pistorius, tenor; Miller, baritone; Radio Zurich Orch. and Chorus; Goehr, cond.

★★ **MUSSORGSKY: BORIS GODUNOFF** • Maksekova, mezzo-soprano; Nelepp, tenor; Pirogov, bass; Mikhailov, bass; Chorus and Orch. Bolshoi Theater; Nikolai Golovanov, conductor.

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★★ **MOZART: THE ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO** • Marilyn Tyler, soprano; Helen Petrich, soprano; John van Kesteren, tenor; August Griebel, bass; Cologne Opera Chorus; Gürzenich Orch. of Cologne; Otto Ackermann, cond.

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